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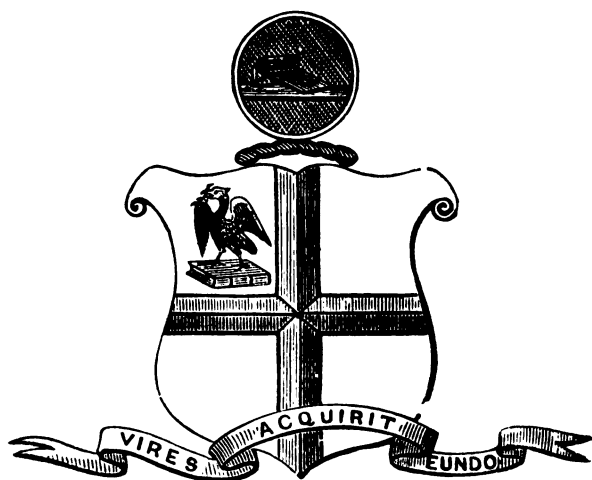
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College department. Annual report, 3, 1900 . 8°. 1901

High school department. Annual report, 7, 8 .
4 voll. 8°. 1901

New York state library. Annual report, 82, 83,
1899, 1900 2 voll. 8°. 1901

——— Bulletin: legislation, nos. xiv-xvi . . .
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New York state museum. Annual reports of the
regents, 52, 53 . 4 voll. 8° and 4°. 1900-1901

——— Bulletin, vol. 7, nos. xxxiii-xxxvi; 8, nos.
xxxvii-xliii; 9; 10, nos. xlix-li . 8°. 1900-1902

BASLE. Naturforschende Gesellschaft Verhandlungen,
Bde. 13, Heft. i-iii; 14 8°. 1901-2

BATH. Bath natural history and antiquarian field
club.

Proceedings, vol. 9, no. iv 8°. 1901

BERWICKSHIRE. Berwickshire naturalists' club.

Proceedings, vol. 17, no. ii 8°. 1902

BORDEAUX. Commission météorologique de la
Gironde.

Observations, 1899-1900, 1900-1901 . 8°. 1900-1901

——— Société des sciences physiques et naturelles.

Mémoires, 5e série, tome 5, cahier ii; 6e série,
tome 1 8°. 1901

- BORDEAUX**—*contd.* Société des sciences physiques
et naturelles—*contd.*
Procès-verbaux des séances, 1899–1900, 1900–1901
2 voll. 8°. 1900–1901
- BOSTON, Mass.** Boston society of natural history.
Occasional papers, vol. 6 8°. 1901
Proceedings, vol. 29, nos. xv–xviii; 30, nos. i, ii
6 pts. 8°. 1901
- BRISBANE.** Royal geographical society of Australasia.
Queensland geographical journal, *new series*, vol. 16
8°. 1901
- BRISTOL.** Bristol naturalists' society.
Proceedings, *new series*, vol. 9, pt. iii 8°. 1902
- BRUSSELS.** Académie royale des sciences, des lettres
et des beaux-arts.
Annales, 1898–1901 4 voll. 8°. 1898–1901
Bulletins, 3e série, tom. 34–36 . . . 3 voll. 8°. 1897–98
——— Tables générales, 3e série, tom. 1–30 . 8°. 1898
Classe des lettres et des sciences morales et politiques.
Bulletins, 1899, 1900 2 voll. 8°. 1899–1900
- BUENOS AYRES.** Museo nacional.
Comunicaciones, tomo. 1, no. ix 8°. 1901
- BUFFALO.** Buffalo society of natural sciences.
Bulletin, vol. 7, no. i 8°. 1901
- CALCUTTA.** Asiatic society of Bengal.
Journal. Pt. 1; ed. by the Philological secretary,
new series, vol. 70, no. i 8°. 1901
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new series, vol. 70, no. i 8°. 1901
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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LIVERPOOL
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

NINETY-FIRST SESSION, 1901-02.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Institution, on 6th October, 1901.

Rev. E. A. Wesley, President, occupied the chair.

The following Report of the retiring Council was read and adopted :—

REPORT.

The Council has pleasure in presenting to the Society the Annual Report for the Ninetieth Session, 1901-1902. During the past Session, thirteen ordinary meetings, in addition to the Annual Meeting, were held.

The Session was a successful one, and the papers were of high average merit and interest. The attendance at the meetings was above the average of that of recent years, and the Council congratulate the Society on this fact.

The distinguished name of Professor F. H. Max Müller has been removed by death from the roll of our Honorary

Members; on the other hand, the Council has pleasure in recording that Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., and Rev. W. W. Skeat, Litt.D., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge, have accepted the invitation of the Society to become Honorary Members.

The Annual Dinner of the Society, which was to have been held in February, and at which the Society was to have entertained Lord Avebury, F.R.S., as its guest, was abandoned, in consequence of the lamented death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Society during the Session presented, in conjunction with the Liverpool Philomathic Society, an Address to His Majesty King Edward VII, expressing their sorrow in the lamented death of Queen Victoria, and assuring His Majesty of their loyal devotion and support. His Majesty was pleased to accept the Address, and sent to the Society a gracious reply.

The membership of the Society shews a slight decrease; the Council hopes that all members will endeavour to reverse this state of affairs during the coming Session.

The Treasurer's accounts were submitted, but their final consideration was postponed until the following meeting.

The following officers were then elected:—Vice-Presidents, Mr. A. Theodore Brown and Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, re-elected, and Mr. George Curwen, elected by a majority in the place of Rev. E. A. Wesley.

Mr. J. W. Thompson was re-elected Hon. Treasurer, and Mr. A. W. Newton, Librarian.

The office of Hon. Secretary was not filled, Dr. K. Monsarrat undertaking the duties for a time with the approval of the Society.

In place of the five retiring Members of the Council the following were elected:—Mr. R. H. Case, Mr. R. B.

Douglas, Dr. A. E. Hawkes, Rev. J. B. Lancelot, and Mr. John Mellor.

The Honorary Members of the Society were re-elected.

The President then read his address on "Utilitarianism in England during the Nineteenth Century."*

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

I. 21st October, 1901. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Mr. G. H. Ball called attention to the recent experiments in the transmission of telegraphic messages through land and sea without the medium of wires. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins read an illustrated paper on "The Norfolk Broads."

II. 4th November. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Mr. T. L. Dodds read a paper on "Francis Parkman and the making of America."

III. 18th November. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Dr. Keith Monsarrat read a paper on "The Learning of the Ancient Egyptians."

IV. 2nd December. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Dr. J. Murray Moore shewed to the Society an old print illustrating the trial of Lord Melville. Mr. James Birchall made some remarks on the subject of the trial. The President referred to the manner in which the Admiralty accounts were audited during the 18th century, and the abuses attached thereto. Mr. James Birchall read a paper entitled "How the Bishops of Rome became Temporal Princes."† The paper was illustrated by large and specially prepared maps.

V. 16th December. Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, Vice-President, in the chair. The Rev. E. N. Hoare, M.A.,

* See p. 1. † See p. 121.

Ex-President, read a paper on Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem "The Voyage of Ithobal."*

VI. 13th January, 1902. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. The President announced that the Annual Dinner had been fixed for 13th February, Lord Avebury having consented to be the Society's guest. Prof. J. MacCunn, M.A., read a paper entitled "The Cynics."†

VII. 27th January. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. The President proposed Mr. Edward G. Narramore as Hon. Secretary of the Society upon the recommendation of the Council. Mr. James Birchall seconded the proposal, which was carried unanimously. The President then proposed, and Mr. J. W. Thompson seconded the proposal, that the Society's best thanks be given to Dr. Keith Monsarrat for his able services to the Society; which proposal was heartily carried. Rev. W. E. Sims read a paper entitled "Edward Gibbon."‡

VIII. 10th February. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Dr. Nevins referred to the possibility of there being some source from ancient records and history in Sir Edwin Arnold's poem *The Voyage of Ithobal*, and read a letter from Sir Edwin Arnold saying, emphatically, that no part of his poem had any such origin or relation. The President read a paper entitled "English Essays and Journalism."

IX. 24th February. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Mr. James Birchall referred to the great loss to the world of History in the death of Prof. Gardener. The President and Mr. Theodore Brown recalled some of the characteristics and labours of the great historian. Mr. G. H. Ball drew attention to a letter from Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., in the *Times*, dealing with

* See p. 163. † See p. 175. ‡ See p. 143.

the attitude of the various continental powers towards this country, and proceeded to emphasize the importance of gymnastics and military training for this country in view of its coming needs. Mr. Roland J. A. Shelley read a paper entitled "The Foreign Relations of Cromwell with France and Spain."*

X. 10th March. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. Mr. Richard Steel read a paper entitled "On the Infinities of Time, Space, Matter and Human Existence."†

XI. 24th March. The meeting was adjourned to the Physics Theatre of University College. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley in the chair. Prof. L. R. Wilberforce delivered a lecture upon "Pendulums," illustrated by elaborate and delicate experiments.

XII. 7th April. The President, Rev. E. A. Wesley, in the chair. The election of the President for the coming session took place, and Rev. E. A. Wesley was unanimously re-elected. A very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Rev. E. A. Wesley for his services during the session. Dr. J. Birkbeck Nevins, M.D., delivered a lecture entitled "Explanation of the Origin and Date of the Heraldic Term, Coats of Arms."‡ The lecture was illustrated by a series of specially prepared coloured lantern slides.

ORDINARY MEMBERS ELECTED DURING THE SESSION.

Mr. Roland Mott, Mrs. K. Parr, Mrs. Wesley, H. E. Annett, M.D.

* See p. 105. † See p. 37. ‡ See p. 63.

PAPERS READ DURING THE SESSION.

UTILITARIANISM IN ENGLAND DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By REV. E. A. WESLEY, M.A.

AMONG the many intellectual movements that mark the progress of thought in England during the nineteenth century, none has proved more pregnant with results—important both morally and socially—than that which has received the inexpressive name of Utilitarianism. What that movement was, how it originated, and what were its effects, is the subject of this paper.

In the opening words of his introduction to the *Principles of Morals*, Jeremy Bentham, the father of Utilitarianism, wrote:—

“Utility is that property in any object whereby it tends to produce benefit, advantage, pleasure, good or happiness to the party whose interest is concerned.”

We need not find fault with this definition of utility on account of the arbitrary meaning attached to that word, since philosophers in all ages have assumed a right to use words in their own way, consistency in their employment being the only matter of real importance. From this statement it is of consequence to note that, in the language of Utilitarianism, utility and happiness are convertible terms.

The writer follows on with an axiom which appeared so clear to him as to demand universal and immediate assent: that “Nature has placed mankind under the government of two sovereign motives—pain and pleasure—and it is for them alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as what we should do.” By should, he apparently means

what we are constrained to do by our intellectual constitution; by ought, that which is dictated to us by our moral nature.

This axiom assumes that in every conscious human act man is determined by some anticipated pleasure or pain, and that what we call moral good, is the line of action conducing to happiness; and moral evil, that leading to misery. Bentham claims no originality for this axiom. He found it, he says, on the title page of one of Priestley's tracts; but we may trace it further back than that, for Hutcheson in his *Enquiry concerning Moral Good and Evil*, published 1725, wrote:—"That action is best that secures the greatest happiness of the greatest number:" best, meaning most virtuous or most praiseworthy.

Hutcheson himself may have derived this definition of duty from some earlier writer, for variously expressed, the idea was familiar to students of moral philosophy from an early time. The pursuit of happiness is no modern quest. Before the dawn of history, as men in troubled times have been fond to dream, there existed a golden age when happiness was universal, an age when the joy of life was the birthright of an uncorrupted race; and ever since it has been the aim of earnest men, philosophers, mystics, patriots and preachers to lead wanderers back to that long lost Paradise. Aristotle bade his pupils seek it by the road of moderation; Zeno, by the path of duty; Epicurus, by personal self-restraint. In Christian Europe, men of many different moulds have pointed out the way to the long lost home through the thorny paths of self-disciplined submission to Divine commands, whether revealed through an infallible church, or infallible Bible. Disappointed, yet still pursuing, they have fared forwards in quest of happiness as to an ever receding horizon:

To the goal that is not, and ever again the goal.

There was nothing new in the quest of happiness, nothing new in the idea that man's duty consisted in conferring it on his fellows. But never did any moralist before Jeremy Bentham think of founding on it an entire system of moral philosophy. According to the Utilitarians, the sole duty of man consists in conferring the maximum of happiness on the maximum number. This is the touchstone of all conduct. By it alone can the morality of an act be known.

Bentham tells us it came to him as a heaven-sent light. While floundering in a quagmire of legal contradictions, seeking in vain for some safe path, some unifying principle, it suddenly flashed on him that the authors of these inharmonious and conflicting laws were imbued with a common spirit, were each seeking in his own way to confer happiness. Their want of unity was not due to their seeking different ends, but seeking those ends by different ways. Their eyes had been all fixed on the load star, though their feet had followed devious tracks through the morass. Here, then, was the missing link, the lost key to unlock the darkest chambers of the law! Yes, and not only law, but ethics, which underlay the law. Here was a principle which applied to them would convert the most empirical of systems into an exact science. What gravitation was in the physical world, the greatest happiness principle would be in the world of morals. If happiness was the sole motive of human conduct, and of this he never entertained a doubt, was it not clear that the course of action that promoted the greatest happiness was the only line of right? And if so, here was a felicific calculus ready to hand; all we had to do was to measure the amount of happiness, its intensity, duration, certainty, proximity, productiveness, purity and extent, to have a precise measure of morals. Having thus passed from law

to ethics, he naturally extended the rule to all human government. "What do Parliaments exist for," he asked, "but to promote the happiness of the governed?" The cliques and parties that from time to time have turned parliamentary government aside into channels of self-interest, are but adventitious influences to annihilate which every true patriot should fight with heart and soul. Against every form of chicanery, and sinister influence in law, morals, and government, he determined to contend so long as breath remained in his body.

To gauge the fighting capacity of the man, we must, however, know something of his character and circumstances. Jeremy Bentham came of a serious Tory family, the son and grandson of Jeremiahs, both attorneys, who had amassed comfortable fortunes when it was easy to make money at law. He was born on the 4th of February, 1747-8 (O. S.) in Red Lion Yard, a little opening off Houndsditch, where stood the old family house of the Benthams. Whitechapel hard by, the great eastern road out of London, was then a breezy open thoroughfare, straggling out through green fields on its way to Epping Woods.

In after years, his parents would recall a dreary afternoon when he was discovered, a little child in petticoats, only three years old, perched on a high stool at a desk, reading a folio volume of Rapin's *History of England*, with two wax candles alight to assist his studies. By five he was well advanced in Latin and had begun Greek. When only eight his father sent him to Westminster School, where his diminutive size, and shy old-fashioned ways made him the butt of his rough play-fellows. Scarcely more congenial did Oxford prove, whither he was removed at the boyish age of thirteen. There he was entered as a commoner at Queen's College, and a miserable time he had

of it, learning little but what he taught himself, for Oxford was a negligent mother to her sons in the last half of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, he took his Bachelor's degree at the age of sixteen, and was duly entered, and ate his dinners at Lincoln's Inn the following year. For the bar, however, he had no stomach, too honest to adopt the practices of his contemporaries, too diffident to push his way where a bold and domineering presence was demanded to ensure success. Two or three cases which his father had kept at nurse for him, he put to a speedy death, proving even to his most partial friends how little suited he was for making a fortune at the bar. Want of success weighed heavily on his spirits, and plunged him into a deep despondency from which he discovered no relief except in hard work. Fortunately, he had a genius for work.

A short treatise entitled *A Fragment on Government*, which he published during this period of dejection, aroused considerable interest, its authorship being ascribed to some of the leading lawyers of the day; but this transient spark of fame was quickly quenched when his father, unable to keep the secret, confided to a friend that it was the work of young Jeremy, a briefless barrister about whose opinions no one cared a straw.

It is good sometimes for a man to walk through the valley of humiliation. For Bentham it was no wasted season. To his order-loving mind the wine of life was to pore for hours, days, years, over musty volumes, classifying, arranging, pigeon-holeing ideas, and codifying, as he says, "like a dragon." In the seclusion of his chamber he would plunge into the muddy depths of the law, diving deeper and deeper till he touched the bed rock, a restless student, nothing if not thorough. Thus, in obscurity and unremitting toil, fourteen years passed by. For income he had only a modest £90 a year, arising out of a small

property his father made over to him, on which he was obliged, he tells us, to live like a gentleman, and pay his laundress, barber and shoe-black ten guineas between them.

Hard by in Holborn the tide of life ebbed and flowed; the groan of loaded waggons toiling from the country to the markets, the clatter of post chaises, the cry of apprentice lads, and all the myriad voices of the streets inviting him to the eager, industrious life in which he had no share. His was the silent world of thought, where the shy, studious young hermit came and went at will.

Not far away, another hermit lived a few years later, quite as poor, toiling in his garret up aloft, among the red tiles and the chimney pots; William Blake, artist, poet and seer, to whom also it was revealed that the better part of life is not to be discovered in the thick of the crowd, nor the nobler part reckoned by the abundance of the things a man possesses. But Blake's child-like soul could relieve itself in singing—

Since all the riches in the world
May be gifts for the devil or earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipped the devil,
If I thanked God for worldly things.
The countless gold of a merry heart,
The ruby and pearls of a loving eye,
The idle man can never bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning board up in his treasury.

Idleness was a vice unknown to Bentham, nor could his simple earnest spirit ever be the abode of cunning. Even in his poverty he was always generous and self-forgotten. But he could not sing like Blake, for he was fretful under neglect and disappointed with himself. From this condition of self-abasement, he was at last rescued by Lord Shelborne, a reader and admirer of his *Fragment*, who

visited him in his chambers and carried him away to Bowood. Here, in pleasant surroundings and congenial society, he recovered self-confidence, and learned, as he says, that after all he was still good for something. Here, too, he met distinguished men, young William Pitt, not famous yet, Dunning, Lord Camden, and gentle ladies, who would listen with flattering attention to his dry metaphysics, to one of whom he half lost his heart. Out of this visit to Bowood may be dated two friendships that were destined to influence his subsequent career: the one with Dumont, a French tutor newly come from Switzerland, through whose French version of Utilitarian Philosophy Bentham became widely known on the continent; and Romilly, afterwards Sir Samuel Romilly, who one day would become the exponent of Utilitarianism in the House of Commons.

On his return from Bowood, Bentham applied himself with ardour to the completion of his great work on the *Principles of Morals*, on which he had been long engaged. To this period, too, must be assigned a visit to his brother, who was acting as jack-of-all-trades to the Czar of Russia. He travelled through Turkey, and settled down for awhile near his brother's Russian estate, where he completed a short treatise in opposition to the Usury Laws. Adam Smith, whom he acknowledged as his master in all the concerns of commerce, had stopped short of applying his principles to the lending of money, apparently afraid of incurring odium, for these Usury Laws were supposed to have the authorization of the Mosaic code. Bentham, a much more remorseless logician, carried his principles out in their integrity, denouncing the laws as useless and immoral. The book that was published immediately on his return became one of the sacred volumes of the Utilitarian party. Next appeared the long delayed *Principles*

of *Morals*, the only considerable work prepared for the press with his own hands. All subsequent books and tracts were issued by disciples.

To understand the work of Bentham and his friends, we must bear in mind that England was not then a land of even-handed justice or of disinterested government. A good land it was, no doubt, for the rich, replete with domestic comforts, pigs, poultry and port wine; but for the poor, a land of dear bread and dear clothing, where beasts were often better housed than men, where schools were few and evil; a land of much work and little pay, and that doled out as a pauper's pittance by the guardians of the poor; a land where the thriftiest worker in the fields looked forward to a pauper's home in old age, and a pauper's funeral. In all the larger towns the sanitary conditions were deplorable, the poor huddled together in ill-lighted, ill-drained courts, the workshops uninspected, the hours of labour long, the recreations few and often demoralizing. A land whose institutions were ingeniously contrived to make industrious men paupers, and paupers thieves; a land in which the common gaols were hot-beds of immorality, in which were herded together in one common hall of debauchery the little child and the criminal old in vice; a land in which such evils as state lotteries, duelling, cock fighting, bear baiting were thought nothing of, in the presence of a thousand other evils more dangerous to society; a land in short where certainly the greatest happiness principle was a great *desideratum*.

For nearly a hundred years the Whig and Tory families had managed the affairs of the country between them, usually in their own interests. There was much patriotism in these parties, but little public spirit, each regarding the prizes of office as the rightful spoils of the victor. Borough-mongering and universal nepotism were reckoned

the duties a party owed to itself. Never was there a time probably when the greatest happiness of the greatest number was more systematically neglected.

All this wide-spread discontent and misery was still further increased by the tremendously heavy taxation under which the country groaned; the natural consequence of the exhausting wars in which England had long been plunged, to defray the cost of which the government seemed bent on grinding from the poor widow her last mite. Everything was taxed, from the baby's cot to the old man's coffin. The very daylight was taxed, as if God's freest gifts could not descend to man without some greedy chancellor laying on them an embargo by the way.

Even more oppressive than taxation was the incidence of the poor rate, which was levied in accordance with a foolish old law maxim that each parish should support its own poor. Consequently, in poor parishes, the rates mounted up till they actually equalled the rental, and all the better-to-do people were driven out, their houses falling into ruin; yet hard by, in a sister parish, perhaps, not half a mile away, the rate might be but a penny in the pound. At that time no one knew what the actual population of the country was, but any one could see that under the administration of existing laws the pauper element was rapidly increasing. Malthus showed with incontrovertible logic that, but for vice and misery thinning the ranks of the poor, the population would increase far faster than the food supply. The laws of settlement had practically turned the peasant into a serf, tied to his native parish. His wages were in part paid out of the poor rate, each new born child enabling the pauper to claim a further dole; thus a premium was set upon large families, and the farmers were relieved from paying wages at the cost of shopkeepers and professional men.

All these miseries were augmented by the corrupt administration of law. Dr. Southwood Smith, a fervent utilitarian, wrote:—"The substantive part of law, whether written in books or expounded by judges, is a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuitry, irregularity, and inconsistency; the administration of it a system of exquisite chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interests of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty a system which encourages mendacity, both by rewards and punishments in a word, a system which maximizes delay and denial of justice."

The picture is darkly coloured, but true to fact, and the irony of it lies here, that a land, groaning under such abuses, and governed so vilely, was yet to the suffering nations of Europe the one last home of liberty.

On the death of old Jeremiah Bentham, his son, so long inured to poverty, came at once into a handsome fortune. This, though it made no change in his studious and retiring habits, enabled him to enlarge his circle of acquaintance and entertain his friends. From the cheap chambers he had occupied in Lincoln's Inn he migrated to 4 York Street, Westminster, a handsome house, in whose garden stood an ancient building, once the home of John Milton. Hither came George Grote, the young banker and future historian of Greece, to confer on matters political and philosophical; here, too, came wise, cool-headed Romilly, Bentham's life-long adviser and friend. Bowring, too, who edited his works in eleven dry quarto volumes, and wrote his biography. More important still, a "stickit minister" from Scotland, seeking the bubble reputation in the ranks of Grub Street,—James Mill, his most staunch and valiant champion, a hard,

jealous, unsympathetic father of a yet more illustrious son, John Stuart, the last of the great utilitarians, on whom in after days should fall the mantle of Elijah. James Mill, the father of this hopeful boy, was a man of real literary power, and a shrewd hard-headed competent polemic, full of matter, and a fighter from his youth. Between these friends, the *Westminster Review* was started, with Bentham's money, as the organ of the party.

It will be impossible to recount in chronologic order the various enterprises undertaken by the little knot of united friends meeting at York Street, for the utilitarians were accustomed to keep all their irons in the fire at once. During his long period of obscurity, Bentham had worked out a complete scheme of political reform, prominent in which stood the amelioration of the criminal code. The singular preamble to the 6th Geo. III, c. 70, curiously illustrates the capriciousness of the English law:—"Whereas, notwithstanding the great prejudice and detriment which occasional acts of insolvency may produce to trade and credit, it may be expedient in the present position of the gaols and prisons, that some of the prisoners who are now confined should be set at liberty." To free prisoners whom the law regarded as guilty because the gaols were full, is a curious setting of the cart before the horse, of which a Benthamite would never have been guilty. With their keen common sense they perceived that the severity of the law was actually defeating its own ends, for prosecutors would not come forward if a death sentence were likely to ensue from a natural dread of being guilty of the blood of a fellow creature. Juries in like manner would reduce their findings in order to avoid the capital sentence.

In a debate raised by the utilitarians in the House of Commons in February, 1811, Mr. Abercromby observed:—"The instances in which verdicts are found contrary to

the clearest and most indisputable evidence of facts are numberless; but there is one I cannot refrain from stating, because it cannot fail to make an impression on all who hear it. A female was charged with having stolen a bank note of the value of ten pounds, and the fact was most clearly proved, and yet the jury, with the approbation of the judge, returned a verdict of stealing to the amount of under forty shillings." Sir Samuel Romilly added a still more striking instance of the desire of juries to avoid the capital sentence:—In this case, bills and notes to the value of £100 were stolen, yet the jury returned a verdict of stealing thirty-nine shillings! Basil Montague in his *Thoughts on the Punishment of Death for Forgery*, published in 1830, cites a long list of similar cases. Still more convincing were the arguments adduced by the leading bankers and merchants of the city of London in their examination before a committee of the House, who showed that crime was actually being fostered by the severity of the criminal code, so easy was it for a miscreant to escape through the failure of prosecutors to come forward, the reluctance of juries to convict, and the readiness of the Crown to exercise clemency. Yet in spite of all evidence, the bill for the abolition of the death penalty for forgery only passed the House with a majority of thirteen; while in the Lords it was opposed by all the chief lawyers, with Lord Eldon at their head. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, no less than 160 offences were punishable with death, and the lawyers fought tooth and nail against any mitigation. Their only idea of reform seems to have been to whittle a little off here and a little off there, but to leave the root of the evil untouched.

At the present time all this is entirely changed, the prisons are far less numerous, imprisonment for debt is practically abolished, crimes against property, in propor-

tion to the population, are far less numerous, and juries are no longer compelled by the severity of the law to give decisions in opposition to evidence. This vast change has been mainly the work of the utilitarian party, labouring in season and out of season to create an enlightened public opinion, and to break down the opposition of prejudiced lawyers.

Crime, according to the utilitarians, is really the mistaken conduct of a man seeking the greatest happiness for himself, but seeking it in a wrong way. For an action to be really good it should conform to what Bentham called the sanctions. They were four in number—physical, moral, religious and legal. By a sanction was meant the pain or pleasure attached to an action. Thus, the act of eating had the physical sense of taste for its sanction. The verdict of a man's family circle which praised or reprobated his acts was the moral sanction. The religious sanction was the knowledge a man had that any particular deed of his received the approbation or the reverse of the Supreme Being, while the legal sanction was the reward or punishment which the law prescribed for a virtuous or a criminal action.

It will be perceived that the felicific calculus of Bentham makes no account of different kinds of happiness; there is no measure applied to test the quality, only the quantity of a pleasure or pain. Bentham held that all motives were alike; you could not get behind them, they were the ultimate original causes of human action. In itself the happiness caused by a beautiful song was of the same substance or quality as the pleasure caused by eating a good potato. This was the point on which Carlyle seized when he condemned the universal-happiness-theory as a system for distributing universal pig-wash. John Stuart Mill gave away the position when he admitted that

happiness might differ in kind, but he did not follow up the idea. Bentham and his friends were wont to express sanctions in figures. Thus they would say that if the legal sanction for sheep stealing, that is the pain attached by law to the act were to be represented by three, the moral sanction by three, and the religious sanction by three, the three sanctions equally condemned the act, and came to nine. If, however, the legal penalty were death, represented by six, the moral penalty would be reduced, for people revolted at the enforcement of the death sentence in such cases, and were apt to take sides with the prisoner. Hence the legal sanction being opposed by three, the nett result, allowing the religious sanction to remain unaffected, would be deterrent to the extent of six, instead of nine. Physical sanctions in actual application of the calculus were omitted, since all other sanctions really resolve themselves into final physical sanctions, and are included in it.

The value of the felicific calculus obviously depends on the possibility of assigning numeric or quantitative values to happiness. If you can measure bliss like you measure coals, and ask which lasts longest, and gives the best results, you may express conclusions by figures. The question is, can this be done? Can two human beings be discovered in whom the four sanctions apply with equal force? Bentham, assuming that all men were governed by pure reason, unhesitatingly answered yes. But philosophic and economic men are not the men we meet in daily life, creatures of passion, prejudice, whim, and caprice, guided by reason only, when other motives are subordinate. Nor can we close our eyes to the fact that behind Carlyle's sneer concerning universal hog-wash, there is the valid objection, that happiness differs as widely in quality as it differs in amount. Numbers may stand for

definite sums if we deal with ethical abstractions, ideal, philosophic or moral men, but for the real flesh and blood creature, with body, parts and passions, they stand for nothing at all.

Bentham's abstract method of treating men as pawns in a chess game, natural at the time when such abstractions were popular, and still more fascinating to a recluse who knew his fellow men only at a distance, led him into one of the most characteristic undertakings of his life, the scheme for a grand Panopticon, or model mill, to grind rogues honest.

Assuming that every rascal would be honest if it could be shown that honesty was a short way to happiness, and reasonable time allowed to bring his bad habits under the control of reason, Bentham argued that you had only to contrive a suitable institution, where all acts would be under supervision, all under the sanction of law, that is suitably rewarded or punished, and all co-ordinated with the object of forming habits of industry, and self-respect, to have such a mill, the rogue walking in at one door, and the honest man coming out at the other.

The building was to be circular, the superintendent like a spider in the middle of his web, the workers arranged in rising tiers around him. Elaborate plans were drawn up, and the Panopticon system described with abundant detail. The scheme met with much popular support. Bentham volunteered to act as first gaoler. Parliament actually authorised the philosopher to acquire land, and erect a suitable building. No less than £23,000 were expended on the project by its inventor, a sum which he afterwards recovered from the Treasury with great difficulty, before the opposition of vested interest put a check to his plans. Ultimately, however, in other hands, it was carried out on the site originally secured in Mill-

bank, where the great penitentiary, since demolished, was for many years a conspicuous object viewed from the penny steamboats. An amusing account of the Panopticon will be found in Benjamin Disraeli's skit on the doings of Vraibluesia.

Bentham regarded the failure of the Panopticon as one of the chief misfortunes of his life, yet really it proved most fertile. From it may be traced not only an entirely modern and humane system of prison discipline, but the Industrial School and Reformatory system generally. It was a pet idea of his that by a slight modification the Panopticon might be adapted for paupers. He knew that nearly all the inhabitants of the existing workhouses were unskilled labourers, and that their children were growing up equally helpless. By teaching bootmaking, tailoring, and other suitable occupations, the typical pauper might be reformed, and an army of industrious workers turned out, capable of earning their own living in honest independency. Many years were to elapse before his enlightened and humane ideas were to find shape; many years have still to elapse before they take final form in the workhouse of the future. One point, however, of his scheme has received tardy recognition; pauper children are no longer neglected and ill-fed, and if Oliver still asks for "more," he may thank Jeremy Bentham and Charles Dickens for what he has got—good food, good schools, and emancipation from the taint of pauperism.

About this time an eccentric educational reformer named Lancaster hit upon an inexpensive method of teaching poor children, by training them to hear each other's lessons. There was a great deal of hearing of lessons in the schools in those days, for the better traditions of an earlier time had been long forgotten, and new ideas were yet in the bud. To teach then, meant to train

the memory by compelling the children to learn everything by rote. First came the horn book with its chris-cross row, the letters of the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer. These were duly learned. Then chapters in the Bible. As far back as the days of Shakespeare, children in village schools had been taught reading by learning their reading book by heart, so that many who professed to read could only make sense of books and passages they had already committed to memory. In *Romeo and Juliet* a servant accosts the youth—

Serv. : God gi 'godden—I pray Sir, can you read ?

Rom. : Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. : Perhaps you have learned it without books,
But, I pray, can you read anything you see ?

Rom. : Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

This the servant takes to be an admission that the young gentleman can only read what he has already learned by heart. In many of the poorer schools there were not enough books to go round the class, and the children learned by one reading out a passage and the others repeating it after him. This custom gave Lancaster the idea of teaching the children to teach each other. Instead of wasting weary hours on learning whole pages, he divided the task into ten minute doses, and made the clever boys hear the dull ones as a reward for their intelligence. Masters in the old elementary and grammar schools had generally large classes, so that a pupil could not expect to be called up more than once or twice a week. This was a great premium on laziness. Most of the idle lads at Westminster, as Bentham well remembered, took the chance of a thrashing. The boy who had learned by heart one or two standard classics, who had acquired an exact knowledge of heathen mythology, a smattering of classical history, and the faculty of writing indifferent Latin verse,

had done all that was required of a gentleman's son, and could proceed with a light heart to the University.

Bentham eagerly welcomed Mr. Lancaster's method, and set himself to devise a Chrestomathic school in which a scientific education could be imparted on this system.

With this object he drew up a great broadsheet, displaying a comprehensive conspectus of human knowledge, divided, sub-divided, and elaborated in appalling fashion. No human being could ever cover in the longest life so vast a scheme. Yet this was to form the rough outline of the course in his model academy! The building was to be erected on Bentham's own garden, and subscriptions were collected for the purpose, but before the scheme ripened, the philosopher began to realise that perhaps even Chrestomathic boys might be better a few doors further off, and his zeal began to cool. Ultimately the subscriptions were returned. Bentham's advocacy, however, did much to further the cause. No small gain was it to the friends of popular education to have secured the support of so distinguished a philosopher, and they made the best of it. For many years after Bentham's death the utilitarians laboured to promote the education of the people by schools, workmen's clubs, mechanics' institutes, and by the publication of cheap literature. In this reform an immense number of people were engaged, without respect to party or creed, but the leaders were men deeply imbued with utilitarian principles, men of wide sympathies, whose reforming zeal was not confined to a single channel.

Bentham's idea of a model school for the poor corresponded little with the modern board school. With him, practical and immediate usefulness was all in all. The children should be taught, he maintained, what was necessary to enable them to practice intelligently the business

to which they were brought up. In this respect his ideas were in the narrowest sense utilitarian.

At this time the country was entering upon an era of great industrial activity. The invention of the steam engine and of the power loom and spinning jenny were revolutionizing home industries. Great factories were rising in the northern towns, and cities were springing up like mushrooms to accommodate the crowds of workers employed in the new mills. Bentham, like his friend Ricardo and all the utilitarians, was eager for the repeal of the corn laws, partly as a step in the direction of free trade, and partly for the sake of cheap bread for the working people. Never was there a tax devised whose incidence was more unfortunate than the tax on bread. It touched the poor man as nothing else could.

Before these unfortunate laws were repealed, Bentham had passed away, but the agitation was carried on in his name. Ebenezer Elliot, the corn law rhymist, dedicated his volume of verse: "To all who revere the memory of Jeremy Bentham, and wish to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number for the greatest length of time." The corn laws, however, were but a link in the long chain that bound down the commerce of England. Elliot's muse is not classic, but it could speak plain common sense. Here is a sample:—

Dear sugar, dear tea, and dear corn,
Conspired with dear representation,
To laugh worth and honour to scorn,
And beggar the whole British nation.

The sugar and tea duties no longer press sorely on the poor, nor does it take ten thousand pounds to buy a man a seat in the House. Free, ourselves, from these burdens, we forget how onerous they were. Malthus maintained that cheap bread only meant more mouths to eat it, and

this was a general view amongst Tory squires and farmers. If you have not had too much of Ebenezer Elliot, these three lines will express tersely their view—

Men starve, he owns, and justly so,
But if they marry and get brats,
Must he provide them coats and hats.

Although you see the farmer was glad enough to utilize the cheap labour provided for him by the poor law system, he drew a line at coats and hats. One must draw the line somewhere. Malthus, however, and his friends made a great mistake in supposing that a reduction in the price of food would be immediately neutralised by a corresponding increase in the population. Statistics were not to be had then, but what were available led him to infer that population increased in geometric, and food only in arithmetic proportion. Bentham urged the desirability of periodic census, that this matter might be definitely settled. In point of fact the population was rapidly increasing.

The reform bill passed in 1832, the poor laws were amended in 1835, but the corn laws were not repealed till 1846. The period between 1832 and 1846 was one of transition. Machinery was rapidly displacing hand labour. Under the new poor law, out-door relief was sparingly given; the farmers were trying to keep wages down, now they could no longer eke them out by poor relief; the population was growing fast and bread was very dear; causes quite sufficient to account for riots and rick burning.

Now the passing of the reform bill was the one great object for which Bentham had unceasingly laboured from the time of the miscarriage of the Panopticon scheme. With his usual shrewdness, he perceived that his campaign against sinister interests would come to nothing so long as parliament, the head centre of abuses, was unreformed.

It was an integral principle of utilitarianism that every man knew best what conduced to his own greatest happiness. Therefore, under a truly representative form of government only, could the greatest happiness principle have full play. Parliamentary reform, therefore, became what would now be called a chief plank in the utilitarian platform. For this reason the chartist agitators, in their day, clamoured for the six points—manhood suffrage, one vote one value, ballot voting, annual parliaments, free choice and payment of members, most of them changes already advocated by Bentham, whose political views were strongly democratic. Had the corn laws been repealed at the same time that the poor laws were altered, there might have been no chartist agitation. The form of the agitation was ostensibly Benthamite, but the real cause was the obstructive attitude of the landowning interest to the cheapening of bread.

It will here perhaps be convenient to notice the position which the utilitarians held in relation to existing political parties. Bentham considered himself a philosophic Radical, he was really a reformed Whig, or what we call now, a Liberal. The parties of his day were three: the Radicals—a very miscellaneous collection of malcontents, forming a cave, many of whom professed opinions similar to those of the revolutionary party in France, seeking equality and fraternity by what we know as levelling down; the Whigs—representing the gentlemanly interest, eager to retain the reins in their own hands, fond of power which placed at their disposal numerous sinecures for their friends, opposed, therefore, to reform, but willing to meet the Radicals to some extent by levelling up; and Tories—who did not believe in any sort of levelling, nor any sort of reform. The utilitarians were absolutely free from the virus of the French revolutionaries. The rights

of man, Bentham ridiculed as "vague generalities," a pet phrase of the party, meaning much. Nor did he sympathise with those who would level down, unless, perhaps, to substitute a president for a crowned king—he was open-minded as to that. Put concisely, he was for levelling up. These parties have long passed away. The Tories of to-day are not the Tories against whom Bentham contended, the Tories whose spirit was condensed in old Lord Eldon, the arch-obstructionist. The Whigs, too, are gone, having absorbed the Benthamites, and been thereby transformed into the Liberal party. The Radicals, also, after anointing the Conservatives to be prophets in their room, have departed, leaving Socialists and labour members to bear their name but not their nature. Of these three parties, the dominating influence during the middle years of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly the Liberal. Adam Smith, Ricardo, George Grote and Jeremy Bentham won the city of London to Liberalism. The long series of commercial and financial reforms, carried out by Peel and Gladstone, were successive triumphs of Benthamite principles. The programme, which for fifty years the Liberals worked upon, was almost in detail that of Bentham.

If this statement appears too sweeping, the following list of measures, advocated by Jeremy Bentham in his numerous and voluminous writings, and urged by his party both in the House and out, may possibly convince, or at least justify the remarks with which this paper opened, that Utilitarianism was one of the most pregnant movements of thought which the nineteenth century has known. (1) Reform in parliamentary representation. (2) Municipal reform, and the abolition of exclusive privileges. (3) Mitigation of the criminal code. (4) The abolition of transportation, and the reformatory system of prison administration. (5) Removal of defects in the jury

system. (6) Abolition of arrest on mesne process. (7) Improved bankruptcy laws and practical abolition of imprisonment for debt. (8) Abolition of the old semi-ecclesiastical usury laws. (9) The abolition of law taxes and fees in courts of justice. (10) Removal of exclusionary rules in evidence. (11) Repeal of the Test and Corporations Act. (12) Repeal of Catholic and other disabilities. (13) Abolition of taxes on knowledge. (14) Training of pauper children. (15) Central administration of poor laws. (16) Foundation of savings banks and friendly societies on sound principles. (17) Cheap postage. (18) Post office money orders. (19) Uniform registration of births, deaths, and marriages. (20) Registration of merchant seamen, and laws for their protection. (21) A periodical and detailed census. (22) Simplification of the patent laws. (23) Abolition of tithes. (24) National system of education. (25) Vote by ballot. (26) Equal electoral districts. (27) Sanitary legislation, and sanitary inspection. (28) Laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

This list reads like a record of Liberal triumphs during the nineteenth century, and when it has been extended by the addition of that long series of important measures directed to freeing commerce from artificial restrictions, to which allusion has already been made, we see that practically the entire Liberal programme of the century was drafted by the Utilitarians. Symptoms of party exhaustion appeared with the exhaustion of the programme; for parties cannot trade on old memories. The triumphs and services of the past, though they may furnish grounds for gratitude, are never considered, even by a grateful country, grounds for political support.

But this dependence of the Liberal party on the inspiring genius of Bentham is further illustrated by the attitude adopted by some members of the party

towards governmental centralization, and the imperial idea.

Bentham objected to a strongly centralized government on the ground that individuals knew better what suited their happiness than any central government could possibly do. To leave the people, therefore, to adjust their own affairs, so far as consistent with national unity was, he thought, the policy of wise statesmanship. For this reason also he advised a parent country to cast off its colonies so soon as they were able to shift for themselves, in furtherance of which view, he urged La Fayette to advise his people to renounce all foreign possessions. From this it will be seen that Home Rule and Little Englandism, so called, are Benthamite legacies.

All the early Utilitarians were what we would now term staunch individualists. Excessive interference with individual liberty, and every form of grandmotherly government they detested as wrong in principle, and mischievous in practice. Long after Bentham's death, when the subject of factory inspection came up, John Stuart Mill opposed interference with commerce on Benthamite principles. Better, he said, to tolerate individual hardships, than introduce retrograde legislation, imposing fetters on industry. Manufacturers like Bright and Cobden justified the employment of children in mills on the ground that it was better for them to be there at work than starving at home. Hence, through excessive individualism, the passing of numerous measures to ameliorate the condition of women and children—as the housing of the working classes, factory inspection, protection of dangerous machinery and the like—have been carried through by Conservative governments more frequently than by that party whose early claim it was to represent the wants of the poorer classes. Historians of party politics will trace

the rise of democratic Conservatism to the alienation of the working class constituencies through the excessive individualism of Utilitarians.

More important than any of these measures as affecting the permanent well-being of the working classes was the repeal, in 1824, of the laws prohibiting combinations of working men for the purpose of regulating wages and hours of labour. Out of this small egg have been hatched the vast trades unions, which have compelled capitalists to meet their men on equal terms. Mr. Mallock has shown with great ability and abundant illustration, the extraordinary influence that these societies have had in promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. At the beginning of the century, trades unions were forbidden under severe penalties, so the workmen were obliged to meet like the old covenanters, in dens, and caves, and waste places of the earth. During the last half century they have transferred to themselves a large and ever increasing portion of the national earnings. According to the same ingenious writer, at the close of the nineteenth century, the labouring classes received forty-seven million pounds a year, more than the entire income of the country in 1843, their wage earning capacity rising from £7 to £20 per head each year.

During the first half of that century a great industrial transformation took place. The whole country buzzed like a gigantic hive; the commerce of Britain, freed from legal trammels increased with prodigious rapidity. England became in fact the giant manufactory of the world. Her ships were on every sea, her bales in every harbour. Free trade and peace were hastening on the utilitarian millennium, at least as men deemed who

Dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

It was a beautiful dream, which seemed nearer to fulfilment when the glassy walls of the great exhibition glittered through the trees at Hyde Park, whither all the world flocked to see the harvest of organised labour in the world's fair of 1851. Carried away with enthusiasm, the country pictured an age of gold, golden peace knocking at the door, the good time coming, coming so long, come at last, when

The war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled

In the parliament of men, the Federation of the World!

But the high water-mark of Utilitarianism was not reached until John Stuart Mill, the heir of Benthamite traditions, entered Parliament by the votes of the working men of Westminster. Distinguished alike by the purity of his life and his eminent achievements in philosophy, his constituents fitly deemed he honored Parliament by his presence more than Parliament could honor him. If he passed away without fulfilling the high hopes that centered in his unique personality, it was because the programme of his master was near exhaustion. The sands were fast running out. New problems were opening up, for the solution of which Bentham had left no key, and John Stuart Mill was not a creative politician. What the master had taught he could expound and enforce with consummate precision, but his mind was not adaptive to new conditions. Two ideas were contending for mastery in the heart of the Liberal party: individualism and the principle of "greatest happiness." In an evil day for the Utilitarians, the former took the lead. It was over certain factory legislation. Individualists urged abstinence from interference; advocates of the "greatest happiness" principle demanded definite, even drastic interference. Mr. Gradgrind and his fellows were on trial. The

Liberals as a body took his side, the Conservatives found him guilty, and on the popularity of their verdict has been based the power of the ever-growing democratic Conservative party.

Over-government is an evil, but under-government is as bad; for, after all, what is government for, but to protect persons and property? That individual manufacturers were guilty of many cruel practices no one would now deny. For Liberals to stand aside and permit oppression from fear of inadvertently injuring trade, was a dereliction of duty for which the Nemesis was sure. From that hour the party began to lose touch with the masses.

It is time, however, to leave the purely political aspects of Utilitarianism, and to return, if only to say farewell, to Jeremy Bentham. The philosopher died at his house in York Street, Westminster, in the arms of a disciple, at a good old age, on the 6th of January, 1832, regretted by his country for which he had laboured so long with such unflagging patriotism, and deeply mourned by the band of friends whom he had attracted by his commanding genius.

Bentham was never married. Those who knew him best spoke warmly of the charm of his manner and invariable courtesy. He was a punctual man, taking the air regularly by the stroke of the clock, trotting along the same beat every day at a quick half-run, in drab coat, and woollen stockings drawn up over his short breeches, with a quaint, narrow brimmed straw hat above his exuberant snowy locks. A hermit he lived, and a hermit he died, seeing few friends, and those one at a time. The strange power he possessed of enlisting disciples to carry out in the world the schemes he had elaborated in the study, was one shared with other hermits, who at all times appear to

have possessed a curious fascination for people living in the world.

He bequeathed his body to the Council of University College for dissection, wishing, like a good Utilitarian, that nothing of him should be wasted. His body, embalmed, and clad in the robes of the University he had helped to found, and whose interests always lay near his heart, lies to-day, in a glass case, in one of the hospital corridors.

If Bentham's reputation was great in England, it was still greater abroad. He was consulted by many foreign governments, including those of Russia and Spain, and acted as referee for the statesmen of many lands. George Borrow, when arrested by an ignorant official while travelling in a remote part of Spain, under the mistaken impression that he was a Carlist, tells how he was brought before the local *alcalde*, with whom the following conversation took place:—

Alcalde. Oh, most ridiculous! Mistake a countryman of the grand Baintham for such a Goth?

Myself. Excuse me, Sir; you speak of the grand somebody.

Alcalde. The grand Baintham; he who invented laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours.

Myself. Oh, you mean Jeremy Bentham? Yes; a very remarkable man in his way.

Alcalde. In his way! In all ways. The most universal genius which the world ever produced—a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega.

Myself. I never read his writings. I have no doubt that he was a Solon, and, as you say, a Plato. I should scarcely have thought, however, that he could be ranked as a poet with Lope de Vega.

Alcalde. How surprising! I see, indeed, that you know nothing of his writings, though an Englishman. Now, here am I, a simple *alcalde* of Galicia, yet I possess all the writings of Baintham on that shelf, and I study them night and day.

Thus, from *The Bible in Spain*, we gather that the prophet had a higher reputation abroad than in his own country.

By reading Bentham's writings this worthy alcalde accomplished more than many Englishman would attempt to-day. Truth to tell, the eleven bulky volumes are very dry. His later writings, excepting the autobiographical notes, are almost unreadable. The greater part of Bentham's literary work was produced without thought of publication, as despatch notes for his friends engaged in the Utilitarian campaign, mere jottings and memoranda in fact, couched in a peculiar dialect invented by himself, scientifically precise, but dry as the mustiest blue book.

Bentham's life is the history of a mind, and the way that mind stamped itself indelibly on those of his fellow men. English history may be written, omitting many names, but no record of the intellectual forces prevalent in England and Europe during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, can leave out his name, or ignore the school of moralists and politicians he founded.

The title "Utilitarian" was the invention of John Stuart Mill, who transferred it, he says, from Galt's *Annals of the Parish*. By the word Utilitarian he meant that line of policy which sought final usefulness in all things, usefulness being gauged by happiness—its quantity, duration, and extent.

According to Bentham, all happiness was alike in quality, though what he called the different "lots" of it differed in amount. In reality, happiness is, in Benthamite language, a "fictitious entity," a name representing nothing with an actual existence behind it. Bentham believed there *was* an actual existence behind it. You cannot, however, eliminate happiness from a complex group of sensations, and measure it out like soap and

candles. The happiness derived from a beautiful poem is not of the same sort as that engendered by a good dinner. Carlyle was perfectly right here. Treat happiness as a mere sensation, separable from complex groups of sensations which occasion it, and you have nothing left but "universal pig-wash." There is as much difference between the different "lots" in quality as in quantity. "The quality of" happiness "is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." Bentham never realized that what was one man's meat was another man's poison—that happiness was not a mere *thing*, but a relation, having reference to states of mind and body, so that the strain of music that comes o'er us as the breath of the south, repeated, loses charm. A felicific calculus to be worth anything must take into consideration man's before and after, what he is and what he will be, things entirely immeasurable and unknown.

Two theories of action have been presented to the world during the nineteenth century; that of Bentham, which regards man as guided by the sovereign influences of pain and pleasure, and that of Darwin, which regards man's life and acts as determined by his power to exist and thrive amidst competing forms of life, in what is called the struggle for existence. The two ideas are not actually contradictory. Like two Bishops on a chess board they move in parallel lines, unable to oppose, unable to support each other. According to Bentham, man aims at living happily and avoiding pain. According to Darwin, he just wants to live, and if happiness comes his way so much the better.

Between happiness and misery there lies a wide neutral zone, in which men act without conscious regard for either. Utilitarians said there was no neutrality, but always a small preponderance of one or other. It was a

gratuitous assertion for which no proof was offered. If, however, we ask ourselves in quiet moments why we act in this way or that, the answer comes: "because we thought of something before that suggested a thought, which in turn became parent to a deed." In answering thus we are right; for in the mind of man the turbid current of thought is determined, not only as Bentham said by the accidents of its environment, but by the quality of the mind and all that in the past made it what it is. In this thought-current may be discerned a struggle for existence always proceeding, like that between competing forms of life outside in the world; a struggle in which the strongest survives, not the pleasantest, and becomes the parent in its turn of deeds. Were it not so, why should the mind recur, as it so often does to a painful impression, harping on it, and refusing, in spite of strong mental effort, to be charmed by the charmer happiness, charm he never so wisely? Painful impressions are often the most powerful and the most lasting. Were Bentham right, a man receiving by the same post intelligence of an unexpected gain of five pounds, and an unexpected loss of a hundred, would dwell upon the good luck and forget the bad. In actual life he would not do that. The stronger impression would worry him, haunt him, dog his steps, until it wore itself out. That is the way things go in actual life.

And what is true of thought is also true of deeds, which are the children of thought. Intensity, vitality, fitness to survive, not a forecast of anticipated pain or of pleasure, is the operative power influencing the will.

Even if it were true that man is the puppet of these two sovereign influences, drawn this way and that like a marionette by strings, the complication of his mechanism is such that no human being could forecast the way he

would move. With the golden casket of pleasure and the leaden casket of pain before him, he might, like the Prince of Arragon, exclaim :—

What many men desire! that “many” may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty,
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

If you cannot tell how a man will act, even when his choice is restricted to pleasure and pain, how shall you determine the same when you offer him the silver casket, in which pleasure and pain mingle in such obscure proportions that the man himself cannot tell for the life of him which preponderates?

Yet the truth of a hypothesis, we must remember, is not always the measure of its value. Many a mistake has brought a blessing with it, for surely it is true that “men may rise by stepping stones of their dead thoughts to higher thoughts.” The rejected theory of one age becomes the accepted theory of the next. Men do not seek happiness in all their acts, but it may still be man’s duty to seek it for others, and to confer it as widely as he can.

In a certain sense, all-wise government is opportunist. Abstract principles, apart from utility, are but a Jack o’ Lantern. We may ride the principle of free trade so far and fast as to break his wind. The sacred rights of property, when politicians forget that all sacred rights are held under conditions, may become the golden fetters in which a nation is enslaved. Were some great foreign capitalist to buy up all real estate in England, and give us

tenants notice to quit, would any government enforce the ejectment? Or, if again, some gigantic trust threatened to absorb a trade and exploit the tens of thousands engaged in it, would any rational government, for the sake of supporting an abstract principle that property owners may do what they will with their own, degrade itself into the cat's paw of such a combination? Bentham's greatest happiness principle is a legacy the nineteenth century bequeathed to the twentieth. Properly applied it will enable statesmen to steer a true course amongst the conflicting currents of public and private interest.

It is easy to show that Bentham's reforms were suggested to him by previous politicians.

The origin of reform is the abuse against which it is directed. When an evil appears in the State there are many keen-eyed folks observant enough to point it out, but very few shrewd enough to devise a remedy; and among the few, harmony is often lacking. Each one has his psalm which he thinks the sweetest, his doctrine which he thinks the soundest. To organise reform was the life-task of Jeremy Bentham. As the rays falling on the surface of a burning glass are drawn together to a focus, so the many ineffectual schemes of reform, devised by previous statesmen and philosophers, passing through the clear crystal of his intellect, became deflected, gaining, as it were, a utilitarian turn or warp, and being brought thus to a centre, acquire power to wither and destroy abuses and venerable shams.

The illustration bears enlargement; for as an optical lens, through a defect called spherical aberration, forms two centres of light, one behind the other, so in the work of Bentham we have detected two incoincident foci. On the one hand his sympathy drew his thought towards the conservation and development of individual liberty and

the decentralization of government, while on the other his philosophy led him to propound a theory which, for its full development, demanded centralization of government and frequent restraint of individual liberty. This was the spherical aberration of Bentham. How to compensate this error is the task of the twentieth century. On the one hand, trades unions and great commercial trusts are demanding full scope for carrying out their individual schemes; on the other, the great majority of the people, feeling their happiness endangered by these schemes, ask for State interference. Trusts and great trade or labour combinations viewed in relation to the State, are an expression of intensely individualistic forces, but viewed from within, represent the subordination of the individual in a strongly centralized governmental system. For this reason they are regarded with favour by socialists, who see in them approximations in miniature to their own ideal of State-rule in every department of society. The difficulty is serious and practical. Within our State is growing up a commercial Oligarchy, an *imperium in imperio*, which, left unchecked, may disintegrate society. Some limits must be assigned to the conflicting forces. Decentralization or Home Rule, carried to excess, passes through municipal rule, ward rule, family rule, down till at last it comes to every Jack being his own master, and universal anarchy. Centralization, or the imperial idea, likewise carried to excess, binds the several parts of an empire in an iron chain. France, following this method, has crippled her colonies, blunting the colonial instinct of self sufficiency and self helpfulness. America illustrates the same centrifugal and centripetal tendencies in her republican and democratic parties. Every state is bound to find some middle path between the two, and thus to work out its destiny. The way is dark,—all human paths

are dark, but guided by the lantern Bentham lit a hundred years ago, seeking always, under every condition, the greatest happiness of the greatest number we may yet make progress. Certain we may be of this however, that the multitude following behind cannot from its low level discern in what direction the way of happiness lies. To discover that is the responsible task of government. Statesmen who shrink from the duty, who cannot see the light, and are for ever asking the people in the rear to tell them where they think it ought to be, demanding mandates and referenda, are unworthy guides of a progressive nation.

But we must not ask to see too far either. The light we have is enough to walk by. Pisgah sights of Palestine; Eldorados, dreamed of by enthusiasts; visionary Utopias, these are but illusions. For the position of man in relation to the ultimate organisation of society, is like that of a wanderer on the shore of an illimitable ocean, who strives to see the long, low, cliffs of the opposing land, and yet sees nothing, nor knows whether there be any shore beyond at all. No voice is borne to him across that sea; if he cry, the only answer returned is the echo of his own thoughts. We ask too much who ask for all:—

Would we know, being mortal?

Never breath of answering whisper stole

From the shore that hath no shore before it set in all the sea.

ON THE INFINITIES OF TIME, SPACE, MATTER, AND HUMAN EXISTENCE.

BY RICHARD STEEL.

THERE is nothing in the idea of infinity to repel the human mind, inasmuch as there is nothing about it contradictory to human experience. As a mathematical term however infinity does not appear to have been brought into use until the great astronomer, Kepler, first availed himself of it. But religion, which in one aspect or another is the most universal form of human thought, postulated infinity long before Kepler. The Supreme Deity was held to be infinite by some religionists; the duration of the future was held to be everlasting or infinite; and immortality was conceived of as pertaining to many of the lesser gods of mythology. In modern times the idea of infinity has become almost familiar, for it is involved in numberless mathematical processes, and is one of the most necessary conceptions in the operations of algebra and of the calculus. The ratio of a circle to its diameter, and the square root of the number 2 expressed arithmetically; the quantity e , which forms the base of Napierian logarithms; and, indeed, the mantissæ of all logarithms to all bases where there are mantissæ at all; all of these can be completely expressed only by an infinite number of figures. And these instances are only some of the many illustrations that might be given of familiar forms of infinity.

The simplest, however, of all illustrations of infinity

is derived from an elementary process of arithmetic. Take any number you please; you can always obviously add one to it. But after you have done so the total is still another number. So that you again add one with a similar result; and conceivably you can repeat this process an endless number of times of adding one to the last result, whatever it may be, without cessation and without end. However large the total you can still go on without limit, and the endless arithmetical series, as it is called, which you establish in this way, step by step, is clearly infinite, and has no limit in the number of its terms.

To get at a still higher form of infinity, you need only widen the idea of the process just stated by availing yourself of the fact that all individual numbers, such as those you have just dealt with, may be represented for purposes of calculation each by its own logarithm. But there may be as many systems of logarithms as there are possible bases, and any number whatever may be a base. It thus follows that each of your infinite arithmetical series of numbers, as already obtained, may be represented by an infinite number of logarithms. And as each one of all these logarithms, except actual integral powers of the bases, is infinite, you have in the final resort in possible logarithms an infinite number of infinities of infinities, that is to say an infinity of the third order. These considerations are, no doubt, somewhat elementary, but are desirable by way of reminder in dealing with the general propositions of which this treatise will largely consist.

That there is a something which we call and conceive of as Time is an axiomatic proposition; meaning, of course, by "thing," not an object in the ordinary sense of the term, but an actuality nevertheless; and it is thus that the great philosopher Kant looked upon Time as a neces-

sary category of human thought. If we try to define and analyse our conception of Time we find at once that its fundamental idea is simply that of the succession of events, the fact that things and states of things *follow* after other things and states of things. This idea of Time is, therefore, a wider expansion of one of the factors in Causality. By Causality we mean that every effect has a cause: that effects succeed or follow causes, and that causes precede effects. But by succession in time we do not necessarily imply any causation whatever, but simply that events follow events, without connoting any reason for their doing so. Succession in time is, therefore, a larger term than causality, and includes causality as a special mode of succession.

This being so, it is evident that for every increment of time there must be a prior unit of time and a succeeding increment of time, or there would be no time. And this which is true of time *now* must always have been true, and must always continue true. Carry your mind back to the origin of our earth as we know it: there must have been a time before that. Go still further back in imagination to the origin of our solar system: there must have been a time before that also. Suppose you go still further and predicate a beginning of all things for the starry universe: there must have been a time when there had been no such beginning. So again with regard to the future. If you assume an end to human existence, as we know it; to our earth as an abode of life in any form; to our solar system as a mechanical whole; or to the myriads of stars which appear in space around us: there is still a time after each and all of these events which will grow on and on to a never ending eternity. The great angel of the Apocalypse is represented by the inspired writer as placing his right foot upon the sea and his left upon the earth, and swearing

that time should be no longer; but that did not refer to time in the generalized sense in which we are using the term, for even for him there was an "afterwards," and that afterwards itself was time.

The second form of infinity with which we have to deal is that of space. The simplest and, in all probability, the truest conception of space is that it extends in every direction from ourselves. It is not necessarily present to our minds in forming this conception that space contains matter, but that there is room in it for matter. Now if space be limited there must be a boundary or perimeter of some kind to space; but the very conception of a perimeter implies that there is an exterior to that perimeter. If however there is an exterior, that exterior itself must exist in space and be itself space. So that here again, as in the case of time, by a necessary induction, we are led, wherever we in imagination provisionally assume that space ends, to assume, by the same effort of thought, an externality to that provisional conception. But this externality is again space, because it is there, and so on *ad infinitum*. We pass from each concentric shell to a still external shell, from perimeter of any form to a still external perimeter, and there is no possible end or limit. If, therefore, there be space at all, the totality of external space must be infinite.

Now for this proposition there is much confirmation in physics. For, if space were limited, certain consequences would necessarily follow which have not followed. Whether space be conceived of as a spherical shell or as internal to an envelope of some other shape and character, the play of natural forces as we know them, within it, would necessarily in a sufficient time reduce all matter within that envelope to one continuous mass, destitute of

energy, instead of the universe such as we now know it, consisting in part of mighty suns and worlds at enormous distances from each other, glowing with energy and evincing activities of the most tremendous character. The only thing under existing physical laws as known to us required to produce the complete catastrophe and negation of energy, if the universe is limited in the sense referred to, is a sufficiency of time. But we have but just now proved that time is infinite, and that time has been already infinite in the past, as it also will be in the future. There has, therefore, already been that sufficiency of time, during which, or after and in spite of which, the phenomena of energies tending to dissipation, and separateness tending to collocation, still continue. It follows, therefore, that the assumption of limited space cannot be true if time past is infinite. And therefore the alternative must be true that, as time past is infinite, space must be infinite also. For if it were not so the material within space would have aggregated itself together in such a way that that which remained would be a complex mass in which all natural forces would have become absorbed into one final resultant of inertia. As this, however, is the exact reverse of what we know to be the case, we are bound to take it as proved that external space like time is infinite, and infinite too in all directions.

Even after this conclusion is reached something still remains to be said respecting space. There are in regard to it two forms of infinity: one, that with which we have hitherto dealt, and in the sense in which we have hitherto used the word. But the etymology of the phrase "infinite" simply denotes "the unbounded," and it is probable that this etymological origin represents, with fair accuracy, the idea of infinity as conceived of in the ancient world. But the unbounded in space may mean much less than the sort

of infinity which we have just now attributed to it. All complete and entirely continuous surfaces of spheres, ellipsoids, and so forth, are unbounded in one way, that is to say in themselves as surfaces. But taken as a whole they are bounded by the space external to them. There may, therefore, be a limited form of infinity within the finite. And it must be taken that this is really the case with all internal space; and that there is an endless process in the direction of the infinitely small as well as that which we have already dealt with in the direction of the infinitely large. You may conceive, for example, of a molecule as a very small body about $\frac{1}{1000000}$ of an inch in greatest section; but this molecule consists of atoms smaller than itself. Each atom, moreover, has form and mass, and any portion of its surface or of its interior must be smaller than the whole atom. This smaller portion of an atom again must have form and mass, and each portion of itself must again be smaller; and so on *ad infinitum*; this process of imagined continuous reduction in size being, just as was the process of imagined expansion in size we have already used, identical with the method of mathematical induction previously referred to. Or to take the illustration more familiar to some minds, it is identical with the arithmetical process of continuously dividing a numerical quantity and subsequently its dividend by the same divisor, and continuing the process with each succeeding dividend, and thus getting a series which has clearly no possible end.

Space, therefore, from our human standpoint, basing our reasoning, as we always I think should do, upon the philosophic theory of natural realism, is both infinitely large and infinitely small, and is an infinity which comprehends within itself an infinite number of constituents, each of which contains an infinite number of parts.

These considerations bring us to our third infinity, that of matter.

Our conceptions of matter are liable to some variations, and there is an acknowledged difficulty in giving an adequate definition to the word. Descartes' idea was that matter is that which has extension; later physicists have leaned to the idea that obedience to the law of gravitation is the best working criterion of matter. Neither definition, however, quite meets the popular and general idea of matter, which is practically that everything which has a substantial existence or presence is to be regarded as a form of matter; that, in short, matter is substance and all substance is matter. That matter does exist in this sense is a necessary belief to everyone who does not adopt the most barren form of pure idealism. And to those of us who adopt the probable philosophy,* and assume that things are much what they seem to be, owing to the perceptive power of the human mind itself having developed in mimetic lines, and thus necessarily grown up into a harmonious accord with the parallel development of natural objects and substance in general, the existence of all matter which seems to exist becomes the first inference from the maxims of our philosophical creed.†

Now all the scientific knowledge which our race possesses points to the conclusion not only that matter exists, but that it exists everywhere throughout space. We have no cognizance of any space whatever without matter. The nearest familiar approach to it is the so-called vacuum

*As expressed in "Philosophy of the Probable" (Steel), *Proceedings of Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool*, 1881.

† Reference is here made to the theory expressed in *Imitation, or the Mimetic force in Nature and Human Nature* (Steel), London, 1900; the view of the author being that instead of the *pre-existent* harmony postulated by Leibnitz there is a *resultant* harmony which has been developed and continues to be developed, as a consequence of a never-ending and universal *mimesis* in nature.

produced by an air pump. But what we call a vacuum under these conditions is only an extrusion of one form of matter, gaseous matter, and we know that such an extrusion is never absolutely complete. But even if we could get rid of the last particle of gas, a something remains which can transmit the vibrations of light and convey magnetic attraction. There is this something still there in the exhausted chamber of the air pump, and that something has substance and displays physical properties. This same substance lies between us and the most distant star that we can see, and is capable of the most enormous and wonderful elasticity, its vibrations passing through 186,000 miles in one second of time. So far as we know, then, matter is present everywhere in space. Proteus-like, it varies in form according mainly to the conditions of energy with which it is associated, but its conservation, like the conservation of force, under all its different shapes and forms, appears to be absolute. Its main history is that of continual variation in its combinations and movements; but the sum total of it, for the very largest areas of space of which we have any cognizance, appears to be absolutely constant. Matter as such, then, is only restricted in form by conditions of time and space, and as we have proved that both these conditions are infinite, it necessarily follows that matter as a whole is infinite in quantity and eternal in duration. No part of it can be taken away, for there is nowhere to which it can be taken away; there cannot be anything added to it for there is nowhere from which anything can be brought in.

Now this, our third proposition, is one which is by no means generally admitted, and will indeed, perhaps, be more generally disputed. There is a non-Euclidian system of geometry, the propounders of which could certainly take

exception to our second proposition, that with regard to space; but some even of those who adhere to the Euclidian ideas, and cannot believe in a straight line returning upon itself if sufficiently produced, or in two parallel lines eventually meeting, will demur to the proposition that matter as substance is infinite and eternal.

Let us then examine the statement in some detail, and in the first place let us assume, for the sake of argument, the contradictory of it to be true; that is to say, let us assume that an area of space exists in which there is no matter or substance whatever. This area of negation would necessarily be bounded by space in which matter did exist. Now all matter as we know it is in a state of tension and movement, under the influence of gravity and other physical laws which are probably allied to gravity. Under these conditions translatory movement must always be on lines of least resistance. But an area of negation could *ex hypothesi* supply no resistance whatever, and the contiguous matter must therefore continually tend to invade it. In a very short time indeed that invasion would be so complete that the negation would vanish, and the ether, by its elasticity, with or without grosser forms of matter, would certainly occupy the whole of that space however large or however small it might be. The elasticity of the ether is the most assured of its physical properties, enormously exceeding that of any other known substance, and if it were possible that there could be for a moment of time a vacant area, this elasticity would necessarily carry it all over that area instantaneously. To assume an absolute vacuum is therefore to assume that which cannot exist for any interval of time, and thus the imagined negation is itself absolutely negated. This is the general reply to the assumption that matter is not infinite.

But let us examine the position still further in rather more concrete fashion.

A not unpopular conception of inter-planetary and inter-stellar space is that there at least you have nothing at all except, indeed, the supposititious ether, which scientific men are sometimes said to have invented in order to frame a theory of the propagation of light; which ether, moreover, some scientific men themselves say is not matter at all as they define matter. Have you not in the region around the planets and the stars that which can fairly be regarded as a vacant area of vast extent?

The evidence is, I believe, completely to the contrary, even if you bar the ether as matter, which I certainly do not. But let us consider the position, even subject to that condition. All of us are well aware of the so-called nebular theory, first suggested by the philosopher Kant, further developed by Laplace, which, after being scouted by many very eminent men, has in the present day received a high degree of confirmation from telescopic and spectroscopic observation, and which is now as generally accepted by astronomers as the Darwinian view of evolution is by modern biologists.

Under this celebrated theory, the astronomical systems, of which our own sun and each of the so-called fixed stars are the separate centres, consisted in the first instance of vast aggregations of diffused matter, or, as Sir Robert Ball terms it, fire mist, which, as a distant object, would appear to an observer as being like those bodies which we ourselves see and call *nebulae*. By gradual segregation this fire mist, assumed to be revolving around its axis, differentiates itself into denser and less dense areas, until at last ring after ring of matter in its grosser form becomes condensed as it were into planet after planet, the central body or sun shrinking continually into less bulk: the

stage of development which we witness in our own solar system, of a vast central body, with other bodies revolving round it at varying distances, being finally reached, and the process being accompanied also by the formation of satellites round the primary planets.

Now if this theory is a correct one there can be no vacant space within the area originally filled by the fire mist. Under such conditions matter would differentiate itself as between its lighter and its heavier forms, but no force could exist sufficient to create a gulf of nothingness between parts of the originally continuous matter. Gravitation between adjacent particles must always be greater than any force available to tear them asunder and leave nothing between. Even in a closed receptacle, such as the cylinder of a low-pressure steam engine, you cannot get by condensation a perfect vacuum; and still less would it be possible in a body of unenclosed matter, whatever the conditions of cooling, condensation, or solidifying might be in portions of it, to produce anything approaching a vacuum in any other part of it. Unless enclosed in a rigid and impervious envelope, and subjected therein to force of overwhelming magnitude, matter originally continuous must remain continuous, though there may be a very wide difference indeed between the density of portions of it respectively to each other. The gravitative attraction of particles to each other must always, under conditions such as could exist in stellar nebulae, be greater than any force of severance between them of which we have any knowledge or of which we can conceive.

Inter-planetary space must, therefore, if the nebular theory is a true one, be filled with continuous matter, though the kind and form of that matter, as between the discrete bodies which we recognize in the known parts of our solar system, must be enormously attenuated. It

would necessarily consist of the least ponderable form of the matter of the original fire mist. Hydrogen is the lightest form of matter of which we know anything, and the spectrum of hydrogen suggests that it is itself a compound body; if it actually has a constituent lighter than itself it would be that constituent which would occupy the most attenuated regions of space. The state of this body would be a state of which we have no experimental knowledge, for it would be presumably at a temperature lower than that which has, from the behaviour of gases, been somewhat inappropriately termed absolute zero.

Some matter, then, there must be throughout inter-planetary space, assuming the truth of the nebular theory. But that which is true of our solar inter-planetary space must be true of a huge additional amount of inter-stellar space. Each of the millions of suns which we can see through a powerful telescope must be presumed to have had the same sort of origin as our own sun, and each of them must be presumed to have a similar array of planets, with their satellites, revolving around it. Each, then, in its own special sphere of influence must be the centre of an enormous body of continuous, though differentiated, matter, coterminous with the original boundaries of the area of fire mist from which it has been segregated. And if matter is thus present in so large a part of the whole area of the visible universe as is implied by multiplying the whole original area of our solar nebula by the millions of visible stars, surely it is an inevitable inference that the remainder of the area is occupied in a similar manner. So that to sum up the result of this branch of our argument in a sentence: if the nebular hypothesis is to be accepted, then matter is continuous throughout the stellar universe, and therefore presumably through the whole of that infinite space to the proof of the existence of which

our second proposition was directed. And all this is true, even if you do not admit that the ether is to be regarded as matter at all.

Now we have already said that this last proposition of the infinity of matter is not by any means a generally admitted one, and as I attach the utmost importance to it we must very briefly consider the objections which may be, and indeed are, urged to it. The first is that the existence of matter in inter-planetary and inter-stellar space would mean a resisting medium, and that its effect would be to put an end to those movements of the heavenly bodies which are known to us, and which, through all historic time, have been practically unchanged. But the rejoinders to this objection are simple. The first is, that inasmuch as the whole body of fire mist originally rotated, so we must suppose that the whole inter-planetary matter of a system still rotates, thus minimizing the friction between it and the more ponderable parts of the system. The second rejoinder is, that the form of matter existing in this space is so extremely attenuated that it would take a much longer time than anything our race has been able to measure to trace any result of friction. Thus Professor Clerk Maxwell records the calculation that, if the temperature of our atmosphere were everywhere 0° centigrade, and if it were in equilibrium about the earth, supposed at rest, its density at an infinite distance from the earth would be 3×10^{-846} , which is about 1.8×10^{227} times less than the estimated density which has been arrived at for the ether itself. Now we may be assured that there is probably no nitrogen or oxygen, that is to say little or none of the chief constituents of our terrestrial atmospheric air in interplanetary space. There cannot be anything heavier than hydrogen, always

supposing that there is hydrogen enough to fill the area, and of this possible sufficiency there is some evidence in the spectra of nebulae, of the whiter stars, and of the surroundings of our own sun. So that even the almost unimaginable tenuity indicated in the above cited figures might be enormously exceeded; and though there would undoubtedly be some friction between this medium and the planets, it would be so small that the human race could not as yet have observed it.

These rejoinders, moreover, would be adequate even upon the assumption that matter, space, and time are none of them infinite. If they are, as contended, infinite, the obvious reply is that all natural forces, friction included, must long ago have arrived so far at a balance and equipoise with each other that no change of a catastrophic character could occur, but that all change would be of the nature of a gradual variation spread over vast cycles of time far exceeding any recorded human observation.

But there is another objection urged to the infinity of matter. If we assume space and matter to be infinite, we presumably assume by implication the existence of an infinite number of stars. And if stars are infinite in number, light, it is said, would reach us from every point of the firmament, because there must then be stars in every possible direction, and the whole heavens would therefore present a continuous surface of light upon a clear night. But this objection does not really hold good. Granted that the number of stars is infinite upon our view of the infinity of matter, it does not by any means follow that we should on our earth receive light from every part of the sky. We know that light takes a certain time to travel, *i.e.*, a second for every 186,000 miles. But it travels more slowly through denser mediums than those of the atmosphere and inter-planetary spaces; the equivalent

of the retardation in all cases must therefore be owing to force expended in setting up vibrations in the medium through which it travels.

This expenditure of force must vary proportionately to the distance traversed, whatever the medium, and it follows that at a sufficient distance the whole energy of light would be so far absorbed by work done upon the medium as to leave no residue of energy visible to the eye. Beyond a certain distance, then, we could not see any heavenly body however bright. Look at the matter in this way in corroboration. The number of stars visible to the keenest human eye is about 14,000, anything below what is termed the seventh magnitude being absolutely invisible. But with a telescope the same eye can see a very much greater number of stars, according to the power of the instrument, and there must also be a still greater number of stars which are not visible to the eye even when assisted by the most powerful telescope yet constructed. But why are there in these two respective cases stars which are not visible under the less favorable conditions just stated? Because, of course, their light is not potent enough to affect the human retina. And, just as there are millions of stars which can be seen with a powerful telescope, and which produce no impression on the retina without its aid, so does it also follow that even if the number of stars is infinite we should not see those of them which give out any less light than those which now lie at the furthest limit of our powers of observation. The limitation of human sight would alone, therefore, be sufficient to prevent the firmament appearing uniformly luminous with stellar light.

There is a further consideration telling moreover in the same direction. We have every reason to believe that there are stars, probably many stars, not removed from us

by more than an average distance, which we do not see at all for another reason. Human vision only appreciates light vibrations of from 39,000 to 60,000 waves per inch, and even the photographic plate, which is more sensitive than the human eye, does not extend our range of possible observation very much further. Vibrations of greater or less amplitude than those within the limits named cannot reach us at all as light. Now we know from the colour of the stars that there is a considerable difference in the quality of the light derived from those which we do see. Taking, only by way of illustration, some of the brightest stars visible in our latitude, we know that Rigel and Procyon are bluish white; that Vega and Altair have a tinge of green; that Arcturus is yellow; Aldebaran and Betelgeuse yellowish red; Antares brilliantly red; that is to say that, whilst the light of some stars comes largely of one portion of the visible spectrum, that of others comes of its other extreme. But it must not be supposed that the whole actual differentiation of vibrational efficiency in stars exactly corresponds with our limited faculty of appreciation of it. In all probability there are stars whose transmitted effect on the ether is largely ultra violet, and others whose effect is still more largely infra red, and if there are such we certainly could not expect to see them. That this is so is corroborated by observed facts. Everyone who is at all addicted to star-gazing knows Algol, the demon star, in the constellation of Perseus, which passes in the short period of 2 days and 21 hours from the 2nd to the 4th magnitude; this being generally attributed by astronomers to its regular partial occultation by a companion star revolving round it which we do not see. And besides Algol, there are many other more or less well known stars which exhibit the same phenomenon, though at longer periods; in each of these, and in all similar cases, there

being, presumably, though invisible to us, companion stars. Now, if there are so many invisible stars, the existence of which happens to be provable by their effects on their visible companions, it follows that there may be, and probably are, a large number of similar dark stars, that is to say stars invisible to us, which, owing to their *not* being members of binary pairs, can never be observed at all until, indeed, some general power of transmuting all non-visible rays or vibrations into visible rays has been devised by the scientific men of the future.

For every non-visible star in the firmament there must then be a deduction from a general and uniform luminous appearance of the firmament as a whole, apart from that caused by the other considerations to which I have referred. The objection referred to, then, does not hold good against the infinity of starry matter in space, and we are therefore able to revert without check upon this score to our position of the infinity of matter as unassailed by any competent opposing considerations.

Now if this proportion of the infinity of matter is a true one, the consequences which follow from it are of the most momentous character. If matter is infinite in extent, it must be also eternal in duration. In all its subordinate forms it must be taken to be in a state of perpetual change of collocation, building up continuous series of never-ending variety. There cannot be anything else but matter or substance; there cannot be at any period in the perpetual history of matter any catastrophe in which matter as a whole becomes diminished or decreased, or becomes discontinuous in its developments; and all the various series in which it becomes differentiated in detail must be continuous in their character. I shall not, however, attempt to deal with all the vistas of thought which open

up in every direction from this central truth. One only is more than sufficient; and I propose, therefore, in the remainder of this treatise, to apply the theorem solely in considering its application to the constitution of humanity itself.

Man is, as we say, an organized being, composed of many differentiated structures and parts, which are continually disintegrating and being continually renewed, or, as it would be more accurate to say, changed, by very small increments, so small that they may practically be regarded as infinitesimal. As an integrated whole, and during the most part of his life, he presents the appearance of permanence of form, but, as a matter of fact, we know that he is continually changing during every year, every month, every moment of time. From the cradle to the grave there is a constant change, both in his physique and in those characteristics which we are accustomed to call his mind. He must thus be regarded as a true series, the law of which is no doubt complicated enough, but a series nevertheless. The threads of the something we call personal identity, which really means unbroken succession, and of memory, are the chief, if not the only links between the boy and the man; and so far as the latter link is concerned we know that it is sometimes broken in detail, and that it is always broken with regard to the very earliest year or two of each individual life; for no one remembers in after life the first years of his existence. That which is most constant is simply what may be regarded as his differential coefficient, itself subject no doubt to variation of a higher order, but which is all that remains when the incidence of that term of the series which we call death appears to equate the organized being, as we have known him, to an approximate zero.

Our knowing faculty, so far as our brother man is concerned, is simply an integrating machine which integrates for our imagination a sector of the curve by which we can conceive him to be represented. But upon the theory which we have just established, nothing is really lost at the moment of apparent catastrophe, or at any other time. Just as the grosser matter of the human frame enters without break into new combinations, each detail of it following the law of its series, so also must the elaborated consciousness, the most wonderful outcome of man's life history, which itself is probably, as we shall see, a mode of less gross matter, persist under new conditions; and persist with further continuous variation, as do all other series out of the colligation of which the infinite universe is composed. Placed always amongst infinities, man himself is to be regarded as a limited form of infinity undergoing continuous variation.

But I can imagine that some will think that in this inference from the infinity of matter I am travelling out of the record, as the lawyers say, in assuming that the consciousness or soul of man is material in any sense. Consider again however the steps of our argument. Matter in the sense of substance is infinite; there can therefore be nothing but matter; the human consciousness exists, and therefore it must itself be a form of substance. A thing cannot both be and not be at the same time, and the inference drawn is therefore inevitable.

How, then, is this statement to be reconciled with physical facts as we know them? Is there not, moreover, a something essentially different from matter which we call spirit, and which has none of the properties of matter?

I answer these questions in the reverse order. So far as the last is concerned, the evidence is all to the contrary.

The spirit, as originally conceived of, simply meant the breath, and as such was distinctly material. Most religious teaching and literature have promulgated a similar view to this. There is no trace in the whole area of religious thought which has come down to us of an idea that the soul of man is a negation of matter, though it is apparent that it must be either material or such a negation. Indeed, so much is the contrary true, that every conception, not only of man's soul, but even of the Supreme Being put before us always contemplates substance as an attribute of that conception. As regards man himself, however, every one will admit that the inner consciousness and mind, which we call his soul, possesses at least one element of matter—that of extension. It exists during life within a certain perimeter or boundary surface, the surface of the body, and does at no time during life, so far as we can observe, exist at all outside of it. But anything which is thus bounded possesses the one quality which has been held by some philosophers to characterise matter, and in the absence of any evidence whatever to the contrary, we must therefore assume that this soul of man has a substance of its own, though, no doubt, of so refined a kind as to be unrecognisable by any direct means of observation at our disposal.

And now to answer the first of these questions which I have coupled together. Regard the problem in the light of the following considerations:—

We have already referred several times to the fact that there is an element or substance in nature which modern physicists call the ether; for, if the undulatory theory of light is accepted, it follows of necessity that there must be a medium in and through which its undulations are propagated. And, as light reaches us from the furthest

limits of space of which we have any knowledge at all, this ether must extend to those limits. Every star is therefore a witness to its existence, and the ethereal ocean in which the whole stellar universe is comprised must be by far the largest continuous body of homogeneous material within that universe. The proof of the existence of the ether does not rest upon the undulatory theory of light alone, but as the evidence thereby supplied is to most minds sufficient, it is not necessary to deal with this preliminary point further.

Not only does the ether reach through all external space known to us, but it also interpenetrates many if not all other substances. If light is transmitted only, as we are led to believe, by undulations of ether, then every other substance which allows light to pass through it must also be penetrated by this ether. From the phenomena of the X rays, for example, we know that light penetrates the human body, and, indeed, all animal and vegetable bodies, and therefore the ether as the vehicle of light must also penetrate them.

The question then arises: does the ether which thus penetrates bodies form any part of them as bodies? Is it to be regarded, as in some sort of mechanical combination with them, in such a way that the portion of the ether within the perimeter of a body becomes modified in its otherwise independent action?

An experimental answer to this question has not hitherto been obtained. We have already referred, however, in this treatise to the fact that there is a delay in the propagation of light as it passes through certain media, and therefore it certainly does appear that even very simple substances do, as a matter of fact, retard the translated force and speed of the undulations of the ether. They can only do this by some sort of mechanical inter-

ference, and therefore the inference is that the ether, as within a body, is modified in its action by that body. Moreover, if it is reasonably probable that there is a general mimetic force in nature applying to all things,* it would certainly follow from such a hypothesis that, in proportion to its propinquity to them, the ether would influence and be influenced by all bodies and parts of bodies in contact with it, whether externally or internally. And where there is an actual thorough interpenetration by it of other bodies, that influence must be so far affected as to vary in some proportion to their activities. That is to say, that where the activities are relatively simple, as in mineral substances, the influence of the ether will vary and be varied in a more simple manner; and that where the activities are more complex, then, in proportion to their complexity, the mutual interaction of the ether and the bodies it interpenetrates will also be complex and far-reaching.

Leaving, then, out of consideration for our present purpose all but so-called living bodies or structures, it follows, if the above-stated position is accepted, that the interaction between these living bodies and the ether must be highly complex and intimate, inasmuch as the activities of the internal structures of such bodies are complex in the extreme. The lowest possible phase of potentiality of that portion of the ether within a living structure is that of an invisible substance which is continually accruing and continually becoming dissociated, but which always remains in total quantity practically constant; and its most probable potentiality is that it interacts with all the vital processes in the structure, and thus becomes involved in a permanent manner with the whole body of the structure

* Allusion is here made to the theory expressed in *Imitation, &c.* (Steel). London, 1900.

itself. But this is as much as can be said of the more familiar constituents of the body. None of them remains as absolutely fixed and irremovable parts of the structure during the whole of its normal life history. The gaseous, fluid, and solid constituents of all living bodies are in a state of continuous change, being each and all of them constantly absorbed, metabolized, and discharged in the vital processes. That which is probably true of so much of the ether as lies within the perimeter of a living organism, is also, as we know, true of its ponderable constituents, and thus we are bound to assume that the occluded ether is as truly essential to the life of that organism, and as truly a part of it, as are those other ingredients with which we are familiar.

If we could see and weigh this ethereal part of the body, the proposition just stated would be admitted as an obvious and commonplace truth. But we cannot in these days limit and confine scientific evidence to those things which we actually see. We are entitled to say that things and forces exist of which we have no direct perception, but which we nevertheless know of, scientifically, by their action. And in this way we are able to say positively that there is as certainly an ethereal presence within the area of a man's body as there are those familiar and visible elements of which it is otherwise composed.

Now there is an exactly parallel fact to this in consciousness. All of us feel that there is a part of our being which is not to be identified with the grosser forms of matter as known to us in our bodily constitution. The conscious Ego seems to us to be an internal something different from muscle, nerve, and tissue. We know, indeed, experimentally, that any portion of the bodily framework which can be removed without causing death,

may be so removed without impairing in the least the continuity of the self-conscious Ego. According to the logic of natural realism there is therefore a strong probability of this being actually the fact, *i.e.*, that the Ego is not an implicit function of those substances only with which we are familiar, but that it is a something interior to them, and of so much higher a degree of tenuity that its presence or its absence makes no perceptible difference to the eye in the mass of the body, and is only observable to us as associated with the continuance or discontinuance of certain forms of motion within it.

If anyone demurs to the foregoing proposition let him simply reflect upon the following easily verified fact. If he so desires, he can place himself in a position of absolute rest so far as his voluntary muscular system is concerned, and can close his eyes so that as few as possible of the signs of the external world can reach him. There is thus no external stimulus to determine his mental constitution in one way or another. But he can at pleasure, without moving a muscle, call up in succession different states of mind or consciousness. He can form pictures of the past and anticipations of the future. He can conduct argumentative trains of reasoning. He can review and dismiss strong emotions of love, hate, and other passions. He can, by some subtle interior power of which no external or conscious physical sign can be discerned, range through a vast variety of mental states. Now, surely the initiatory power of turning the mind from one subject to another subject, under the circumstances stated, cannot be supposed to be a mere derivative of the grosser physical elements of the structure of the man. These are all, as far as possible, reduced to a state in which they do as little as Nature will allow, consistently with the continu-

ance of life. But the something within is in a state of full, and, indeed, voluntarily increased and selective activity. Granted that there is a nervous action correspondent to this activity, but the nervous system surely cannot be said to initiate, although it may and does register it.

If, however, the body as a whole possesses an ether constituent, as we have seen from another line of reasoning derived from things external to us that it actually must do, the fact that it does so exactly complies with those suggestions of consciousness which we have just now noted. It would be contrary to the law of parsimony to assume the existence of two media where one will suffice to explain phenomena, and we are thus brought to the provisional conclusion that in all probability the conscious Ego resides in the ethereal constituent of the body, and that this ethereal constituent must be conceived of as containing within itself the life principle and soul as it is sometimes termed.

That such a proposition harmonizes with the deeply rooted convictions of mankind as expressed in religions and in other ways, is so obvious that the point is hardly worth enlarging upon. Passages in the writings of Saint Paul, for example, will occur to everyone, but I prefer to quote only the lines of Spenser, in which, by a poetical intuition, he incorporates the idea and adds to it the grace of his own fancy—

So every spirit as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure.

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme and doth the bodie make.

It would be a waste of time, however, to refer in any

detail to the vast mass of evidence, accessible to every one, which gives proof of the general and almost universal belief that there exists a human soul in some way separable and distinct from the body as we best know it; and it is interesting to find that the results of modern scientific research may be so construed as to point in the same direction. We are justified, moreover, by these considerations in averring that the train of inferences as to a future life, which many have so long cherished, are quite consonant with the inner and more refined probabilities of physical structure. For the death of the structure is simply a resolution into its component parts, involving a withdrawal from its grosser elements of the modified accretion of ether which is set free by the cessation of the activities of the body, carrying with it elsewhere the impress which has resulted from its interaction with that which it leaves behind, and continuing in an infinite series, proper to itself, a development of which natural life has been only a temporary and provisional integration.

EXPLANATION OF THE ORIGIN AND DATE OF
THE HERALDIC TERM COATS OF ARMS.

By J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D., LOND.

IN speaking of the royal Coats of Arms from the time of William the Conqueror, it is necessary to bear in mind that, in the strictly heraldic sense, the term "Coat of Arms" did not come into use until about the time of the Crusades, and that what will be hereafter spoken of as the Coats of Arms of William the Conqueror and his immediate successors, would more correctly be designated as the standards or banners which were used for the whole army engaged in a battle and indicated the king's position in the field.

But when the feudal system had become more or less universal in the European world, the great nobles, and the large landed tenants immediately under the king, owed him feudal service in the field, and there would, therefore, be several leaders all with their own followers engaged in the fight, and each independent of the other, though all engaged in the service of the one king. But these individual nobles or leaders would require a standard or flag by which they could be recognised by their own followers if they should happen to become separated during the battle. There would, therefore, be one banner—the king's—for the entire army, and several standards or flags for the several feudal nobles serving under him.

ORIGIN OF COATS OF ARMS.

It is further to be borne in mind that, until the time of the Crusades approached, the leaders in the armies of Europe were not generally encased in coats of armour; but when this form of defence became customary it became necessary that some badge should be placed in a prominent part of the armour, so that its wearer might be recognised and assisted by his squires or other followers if he should become unhorsed or otherwise disabled during the fight, or during a joust, if it were in a tournament. The most prominent piece of armour would naturally be the shield, and the wearer's individual badge acquired the name of his Coat of Arms, to distinguish it from the "banner" of the king, which was for the whole army.

CRESTS.

But a further distinguishing mark became necessary at the same time; for as the visor was often dropped, the face of the knight was so hidden that neither his friends nor his opponents could recognise him in a *melee*, and a badge of some kind was therefore placed on the top of his helmet, and this acquired the name of a "crest," as distinguished from the arms borne upon his shield. It was not usual for a knight to have more than one Coat of Arms, but it was not uncommon for him to vary his crests, and there are numerous instances of two or even more crests being worn together, or separately under different circumstances, by the same bearer of the one Coat of Arms.

ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS HAVE COATS OF ARMS, BUT NOT
CRESTS.

As the crest was a military badge, and its only use was to enable a combatant to be identified on the field of

battle or in a tournament, the archbishops and bishops did not require a crest, they being supposed to be non-combatants; and therefore they have no crests above their Coats of Arms in the British dominions. But this was not always the case in Germany; for some of the great ecclesiastics, archbishops, bishops, abbots, and even others held their fiefs direct from the emperor, and as such were liable to feudal military service. Spenser, the great German herald, says that in Germany, at any rate, universal custom is opposed to the omission of the crest, and ecclesiastics retained the full knightly insignia. On the other hand, in the southern kingdoms, clerics almost invariably replaced the helmet and crest by the ecclesiastical hat.

SOMETIMES MORE THAN A SINGLE CREST IS WORN.

Our reigning king will be taken here as our first illustration of this fact. He has four crests, though we never see them represented at the same time, as he always wears the single crowned golden lion on his crown or helmet, as if it were his only one. But on referring to the illustration of George IV's Coat of Arms in Debrett's *Peerages of Great Britain and Ireland* (1828), plate I, following p. cxxxvi, we find the crown surmounted: 1st, by a crowned standing *golden* lion for England; 2nd, by a *red* lion *sitting on its haunches*, and holding in its fore-paws a sword and a sceptre, for Scotland; 3rd, by a *white* hart with branching horns leaping out of a castle or tower, for Ireland;* and 4th, by a *red* dragon with erect wings, for Wales.

Under what circumstances George IV used these crests, or whether he ever did employ them, I have not been able

*The origin of this crest seems to have been the Coat of Arms of Richard II, which he wore when on his expedition to Ireland, p. 76.

to learn; but his present majesty, King Edward VII, has desired the Prince of Wales to wear the crowned golden lion as his central crest, the Prince of Wales's plume of feathers as his dexter,* or right hand badge, and the red dragon for Wales as his sinister, or left hand badge—all at the same time, which is a departure from previous custom for some centuries.

SUPPORTERS.

There were no Supporters (so called) attached to the Royal Coats of Arms until the time of Richard II, and when they did appear they were so little hereditary that they changed with almost every succeeding monarch, whether king or queen, until the time of Charles I.

They were sometimes used by private nobles and other persons previous to Richard's date; and in some instances they became eventually royal supporters. Thus, Henry VII adopted his private Tudor supporters as his royal ones, and Henry VIII at first retained his father's red dragon and greyhound, but eventually changed them for a golden lion and a dragon. Edward VI retained the dragon for one supporter, but adopted a unicorn for the other, which he took from the Arms of his mother, Lady Jane Seymour. Mary took as one of her supporters the Spanish eagle, which had belonged to her mother, Catharine of Arragon, though she retained the greyhound of her father. James I discarded the Tudor dragon and greyhound as his supporters, but adopted the lion, and introduced the unicorn. This had been a Scotch supporter from the time of James III of Scotland, that is nearly a hundred and fifty years before our James I succeeded to the English throne. The lion and the unicorn have been the English royal supporters ever since.

* These terms dexter (right) and sinister (left), when used in heraldry, always refer to the right and left hands of the wearer, not of the spectator.

MOTTOES.

Mottoes did not appear upon the banners of the kings or upon the Royal Coats of Arms until the time of Richard I, who adopted that of "*Dieu et Mon Droit*" under the following circumstances. Richard, after his return from the Crusades and his release from his imprisonment in Austria, was called upon by Philip Augustus, King of France, to do homage for his French possessions, which Philip asserted that Richard held simply as a feudal fief from him. Richard indignantly repudiated all such obligation, and declared that he would not render homage, but would submit the question to the ordeal of battle; and when this took place Richard took for his banner, "*Dieu et mon Droit*"—I fight for "God and my own right." He conquered in the battle of Gisors, 10th October, 1198, and the motto has been upon the Royal Coat of Arms to the present time.

The story of the origin of the other motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," is so well known as to require no repetition; but although it is almost universally present in the Royal Coats of Arms, and is popularly thought of as a royal motto, it is not so in reality, for it is merely the motto of the Order of the Garter, and every knight of that "most noble order" is entitled to wear it surrounding his Coat of Arms, and does so. It is therefore upon the English Royal Arms not as a royal motto, but because the King of England is the supreme Knight of that Order, and it is equally borne by the many foreign royal Monarchs who are Knights of the Garter, and by the closely limited number of eminent nobles, whether of British or foreign descent, who are also Knights of that Order.

QUARTERINGS AND QUARTERED.

These terms, when used in heraldry, do not imply that a Coat of Arms is divided into just four quarters, each with a separate design, nor are they confined to Royal Coats of Arms. They imply that the armorial bearings of any number of families, with whom the bearer of the shield has become allied by marriage or descent, are included in the arms under consideration. Our own King Henry I added with his arms the Scotch *red* lion of his first wife, and at a later period the Brabant *blue* lion of his second wife; but as he left no heir they disappeared from the Royal Coat on his death. Henry II had at first his own two golden lions on an undivided shield, but he afterwards added the single golden lion of his wife, the shield being still undivided, not of four quarters.

At a later period Edward I impaled the French Royal Arms of his wife, Margaret of France—the *fleurs de lys*—but his Coat consisted still of only two halves. His son, Edward II, married Isabella of France, and he commenced the system of four quarters for his Coat of Arms, an example which was followed by his son, Edward III, the additional two quarters being filled up by repeating the original two; and from this time forward it became the custom to fill up the four quarters in that way, viz., by having the English lions twice over, and the French *fleurs de lys* twice over also.

But when Henry VI married Margaret of Anjou, she had at least six sets of arms already upon her Coat, and, though the Royal Coat still consisted of only four quarters, the King impaled in the Royal Coat the quartered arms of his Queen.

Mary (Philip and Mary) placed in her Royal Coat of Arms the French *fleurs de lys* in the first and fourth

quarters, the English golden lions in the second, and the Spanish Coat of Arms of her mother, Catharine of Aragon, in the third quarter. But that Spanish Coat embraced Aragon, Castille, Leon, Grenada, Sicily, and several other smaller principalities, so that it is almost hopeless to attempt to count her "quarterings."

Towards the end of Henry VIII's reign he became King of Ireland for the first time in history, he himself and his predecessors having been merely "Lords" of Ireland; but he did not introduce Ireland into the royal Coat of Arms, nor did Edward VI or Mary. Elizabeth, who succeeded Mary, made her shield into what may be called a triangle of three detached shields instead of four quarters. In the first she inserted the old English and French lions and *fleurs de lys*; in the second she placed the Irish harp for the first time: and in the third she placed, also for the first time, a portion of the WELSH arms, viz., the Coat of North Wales, consisting of a yellow lion on a red ground, and a red lion on a yellow ground.*

James I restored four quarters to the shield, and placed France and England quarterly in the first quarter and repeated it in the fourth, introduced the Scotch red lion into the second quarter, for the first time for above 460 years,† and the Irish harp in the third quarter.

At last, in 1801, the French *fleurs de lys* were left out by George III; and the arms of Hanover, which had been added by George I, were also left out by Queen Victoria in 1837; and the Royal Coat now consists of just four quarters, filled up by the English lions duplicated, the Scotch red lion and the Irish harp filling up the second and third quarters.

* See Burke's *Peerage*, 1901, p. cli.

† See p 71.

THE SUCCESSIVE CHANGES IN THE ROYAL ARMS FROM THE
TIME OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Having in the foregoing pages described as briefly as possible the various parts of which the Royal Coats of Arms consist, as they will be considered in the following pages, we are now in a position to examine the entire Coats individually, and trace the changes they have undergone and the historical causes that have led to them.

COATS OF ARMS IN THE NORMAN PERIOD, 1066-1154.

WILLIAM I, the Conqueror, 1066-87, had, as his traditional Coat, two golden lions* upon a red ground on one half of his Coat, and the traditional Arms of his wife, Matilda of Flanders, upon the other half. But the designs, as taken from the Bayeux Tapestry, are so complicated and unlike ordinary heraldic designs that they are looked upon as simply imaginary, and the two lions are regarded as being his banner—one for his Duchy of Normandy, and the other for his Duchy of Poitou.

Such as they are, however, they are pictured by Willement, in his beautiful book on the *Royal Arms of the Kings and Queens of England from William the Conqueror to George IV*, dedicated by permission to him, and published in 1821, which contains beautifully coloured illustrations of the various Royal Coats.

WILLIAM II—*Rufus*—third son of William the Conqueror, 1087-1100. His traditional Arms were the two

*In early heraldry the animal under consideration was called a "lion" only if it was in an attitude of springing upon its prey—like the red lion rampant of Scotland. If it was in a tranquil attitude, like the three golden lions of England, it was called a "leopard." The two names merely related to the attitude of the animal upon the shield. In the year 1235, the Emperor Frederick II sent three "leopards" to Henry III "in token of his armorial bearings." Willement's *Royal Armorial Insignia*, p. 12 and also pp. 7-9; see also Boutell's *English Heraldry*, pp. 84, 85.

yellow lions of his father upon the red shield, but as he was never married, there are no wife's arms.

HENRY I—*Beauclerk*—1100-35, fourth son of William the Conqueror. He retained his father's two golden lions, but added to them the *red* rampant lion of Scotland, brought by his first wife, Matilda of Scotland, who was the great, great, great, great grand-daughter of King Alfred, of whom England has always been so justly proud. At her death he substituted for her Coat the *blue* rampant lion of Brabant, brought by his second wife, Alice of Brabant. Although he had a son, the youth was drowned in crossing the channel from France, and at Henry's death both the red lion of Scotland and the blue lion of Brabant disappeared from the English Royal Coat of Arms for many hundred years. The red lion of Scotland, however, reappeared about 460 years afterwards in the coat of arms of James I, and the blue lion of Brabant reappeared nearly 600 years afterwards in the Hanover coat of arms of George I, thus connecting the Saxon Alfred and the Norman conqueror, William I, with our late Queen Victoria and our present King Edward VII.

Henry died, but left a daughter, Maud or Matilda. She married the German Emperor Henry IV, but was soon left a widow, and she afterwards married Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, and their son Henry became afterwards our Henry II of Anjou, or as he is still commonly called Henry Plantagenet.

STEPHEN OF BLOIS, 1135-54.—Stephen was a grandson of William the Conqueror, being the son of William's fourth daughter, Adela, but that did not give him a clear title to the vacant throne, Henry having left his daughter Maud as his heir.

CURIOUS CHANGE MADE BY STEPHEN IN THE ROYAL COAT OF ARMS.

Stephen knew that his title was not an honourable one, so he never took the Royal Coat of the two lions of William the Conqueror and of Henry I, but he adopted as his Coat *three* centaurs, armed with bows and arrows. These three centaurs were the Zodiacal sign of Sagittarius, the archer, which is the sign for December, the month in which Stephen was crowned; and perhaps he thought it might bring him good fortune, so he took it. The fortune that it did bring was, however, a very mixed one; for he was constantly at war with Maud and her adherents during the twenty-one years of his reign, at one time even being her prisoner; and when he died the so-called "Norman dynasty" came to an end, having lasted just eighty-eight years.

COATS OF ARMS OF THE ANGEVIN OR PLANTAGENET FAMILY, FROM 1154-1485.

HENRY II, 1154-89, great grandson of William the Conqueror, was the first of the Angevin or Plantagenet family, which occupied the English throne for above 300 years.*

* Until comparatively recent years English people have been accustomed to consider the title Plantagenet as if it had been applied to Henry II and his family from the first, and was unquestionably theirs. But the modern school of historians (whom we may name alphabetically as Freeman, Green, Nortage, and Stubbs) have applied the name Angevin to Henry II and his two immediate successors, Richard I and John—because they were in many respects more intimately associated with the limited territory of Anjou, in France, whence they came, and with the gradual accretion of French territory which they made there, than they were with English affairs.

Their title to historical importance rested, therefore, at first upon their Angevin (Anjou) property and doings, rather than upon their English tran-

He made only one change in the Royal Arms but that change has endured until the present day. He retained the two golden lions as of old upon his own shield, and he inscribed also—but at first separately—the shield of his wife, who had a single golden lion upon her shield. At a later period he combined the three golden lions upon a single shield, and they constituted the whole of the Royal Coat of England during the reigns of Richard I, John, and Henry III; and of Edward I also, when he first came to the throne.

RICHARD I—*Cœur-de-Lion*—1189–99, son of Henry II, adopted his father's Coat without change, except that upon his shield he first carried two lions on their hind legs (*rampant*), facing each other, instead of the three lions on all fours (*passant*) which he adopted at a later period. His first shield gave birth to the traditional story attributed to the troubadour who accompanied the forces, and was acting apparently as "our special war correspondent." He relates that on one occasion when Richard had been unhorsed, or had come to some other disaster, he recognised that it must be the King who was on the ground by his "two lions that were grinning at each other on the opposite sides of his shield." It is to be hoped that the assistance which he rendered to the fallen monarch gained for him the Victoria Cross, but the troubadour's modesty

sactions; and to the first three of their race with whom England has been concerned the title of Angevin family has been applied by the above-named noted historians.

Henry III, and especially Edward I (to whom the English constitution and English law are so deeply indebted), have been so essentially connected with England rather than with Anjou, that their French territory and "Geoffrey of Anjou" have become little more than mere names in English thought.

This appellation of Angevin family will not improbably be used in future along with the old familiar title of Plantagenet; although the title of Plantagenet was not applied to the family in England until nearly 100 years after the accession of Henry II.

seems to have prevented him from including that news in his despatch.

JOHN—*Lackland*—1199–1216, the next son of Henry II, continued the Coat of his father unchanged, but he added his wife's arms on one half of the shield. They have, however, no historical interest, and were never repeated.

HENRY III, 1216–72, John's son, made no change in the Royal Coat of his father.

EDWARD I—*Longshanks*—1272–1307, son of Henry III, was absent from England at the Crusades when his father died, and this *delayed his coronation for two years*.

He made a change in the Royal Coat of Arms, which lasted for 500 years, and is scarcely entirely absent, even at the present day, on collars or other portions of dress. At first he took the simple three golden lions of his father, Henry III, but in 1299 he married Margaret, the daughter of Philip the Hardy, King of France, and he afterwards decided to add the Royal Arms of France to his own English Coat, for he had inherited a large portion of France to begin with, and besides that he had gained some important victories over the French king. The French Royal Coat of Arms was a considerable but variable number of *fleurs de lys*, and Edward added these to his English Coat, and also styled himself King of England and France; and this French Coat and title remained upon the English Royal Coat until the thirty-ninth year of the reign of George III, when they were both dropped, and have never been resumed.

EDWARD II, of Carnarvon, 1307–26, son of Edward I; and EDWARD III, the son of Edward II, made no change of interest in the Royal Coat of Arms. Edward II was the first Prince of Wales, but he did not put anything upon his Coat of Arms to commemorate it. Edward III's eldest son, called the "*Black Prince*," from the colour of his

armour,* died during his father's lifetime, and his son, Richard II, came to the throne on the death of Edward III in 1377.

RICHARD II, son of the Black Prince and grandson of Edward III, 1377-99, made several changes in the Royal Coat, for he introduced "supporters" for the first time in English royal heraldry, and he incorporated the alleged arms of Edward the Confessor in the Royal Coat. Richard seems to have regarded the Confessor as a sort of patron saint, and one of his alleged supporters was a winged angel, which Richard adopted; but it is impossible to decipher the other supporter (which is worn away by time and exposure to the weather) so as to say what it was meant for.

Besides this addition, Richard placed on the dexter, or honourable, side of his own Coat that of the Confessor, and two supporters *under* it. But, as Coats of Arms did not exist in the Confessor's time, there was a difficulty about it, which was got over by taking one of his silver coins instead. This coin was stamped by a cross, in the angles of which were placed four birds, called "Martlets," which had no feet. These birds were used in heraldry in the Coats of younger sons, to indicate to them that they must strive to rise by the wings of virtue and merit for they possessed no land whatever to put their feet upon.†

* General Ainslie, in his interesting work on Anglo-Norman Coinage (full of engraved illustrations, and to be found in the Liverpool Free Library), relates a curious tradition about the Black Prince, which he found to be still current among the Aquitaine peasantry so lately as the time of George IV. The tradition was that the prince was a black man, a Moor, a sorcerer, from which circumstance he had received the designation of "Black Prince." That he was in compact with the devil, who aided him with infernal powers, which enabled him to gain his victories and succeed in all his warlike undertakings.

† Webster's *Dictionary*—"Martlet."

As his favourite supporters Richard had two beautifully antlered harts placed under the shield instead of at its sides.*

Whether or not Richard thought that not being in favour with the nation for his own good qualities it might bring good fortune if he entered into partnership with a departed saint, history does not tell us, and the interpreter of the arms has therefore to draw more or less upon his imagination. But Richard took these alleged arms of Edward the Confessor with him when he went to settle some outbreak in Ireland, and they did secure him a favourable reception there, for no Saxon or Norman king had ever shown himself so friendly to the Irish as Edward the Confessor.

As a result of this favourable impression Richard was urged to go here and to go there in Ireland instead of returning at once to England; and when at length he did arrive at Milford Haven, he had been detained for three weeks further by contrary winds that had prevented his sailing. All this delay resulted in Henry, Duke of Hereford (afterwards Henry IV), gaining continual accessions of followers on his way towards the South of England, while Richard's friends were as steadily leaving him and going over to his opponent. Ultimately Richard and Henry met in battle, in which Henry was victorious, and Richard was taken prisoner, and was then induced, or, more strictly speaking, was compelled, to resign the throne in favour of Henry. He was then taken as a prisoner to Pomfret Castle, in Yorkshire, where he was violently murdered, or put to death in some other way, and Henry IV succeeded to the throne.

* See note, p. 65.

LANCASTRIAN BRANCH OF THE PLANTAGENET DYNASTY.

HENRY IV, of Lancaster, 1399–1413, son of John of Ghent, or Gaunt, and grandson of Edward III, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms of his grandfather. For although he was not the direct heir to the throne (being descended from the fourth son of Edward, whose third son had descendants still alive), he wished to pose before the nation as being the lawful heir, in order to satisfy the national English preference for hereditary occupation of the throne. He therefore put forward in his coronation proclamation that he was the direct heir, and that Richard had resigned the throne to him as being the next heir in order of descent.*

Under the conflicting influences of a weak title, to which he desired to join the appearance of legitimacy—of jealousy of the parliamentary power, both of election to and deposition from the throne—and of the probable national revolt against such a title as one by conquest, he decided, upon the whole, to claim legitimate descent as his title, and with that view he adopted his grandfather's Royal Coat of Arms without making any change.†

HENRY V, of Monmouth, son of Henry IV—1412–22—adopted the old Royal Arms of the English lions and the French *fleurs de lys*, with one change only.

After having practically conquered France in his great battles there, he proposed to marry Katharine, or “Kate,”

* He appears to have been afraid of claiming to have been elected by parliamentary vote, for if Parliament could elect him, then it might at some subsequent time depose him if so inclined, as it had deposed Edward II and Richard II. He, however, so evidently preferred a title by conquest to one by parliamentary vote, that it was apparently with some difficulty that he was persuaded not to put forward the claim by conquest in his coronation proclamation.

† See the elaborate account of his accession difficulties given in Stubbs' *Constitutional History*, vol ii, pp. 552–6, and vol. iii, pp. 10–18.

of France.* Her father, Charles VI, seemed to have lost heart before consenting to the marriage, but he made a stipulation that during his life-time Henry should not style himself King of France, but only heir of France, to which Henry consented, and at the same time he reduced the previously numerous but indefinite *fleurs de lys* to *three*, at which number they remained until the middle of the reign of George III, when they disappeared altogether from the English Royal Coat.

HENRY VI, son of Henry V, only eight years old on his accession in 1422, made no change in the Coat of Arms of his father, but he adopted new supporters, for whilst Henry V used none, Henry VI introduced two large white antelopes, antlered, and copiously spotted with golden spots—for it was then the fashion to think the spotted antelope the most beautiful animal in creation.†

The supporters of the King's wife were a spotted antelope and an eagle, and her name is still in daily remembrance in Cambridge, from the college which she founded there in 1449, still called Queen's College, or Queen Margaret's College. Her Arms, which embrace many quarterings (six at least), form the Arms of that college.

YORKIST FAMILY.

EDWARD IV, of York, from 1461–83, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms on coming to the throne after his conquest over Henry VI; for, as they were both

* The imaginary wooing scene is vividly described by Shakespeare in *Henry V*, act v, scene 2.

† It was the fashion in England, some 60 years ago, to think that a pair of white spotted dogs formed an ornamental accompaniment to a carriage and pair. So that it was the proper thing, for some time after the regency of George IV, for those who could afford a carriage to have a couple of these dogs (nick-named "plum-pudding dogs"), running under the carriage, or keeping company with it alongside the horses.

descended from Edward III, there was no change called for. He did, however, change the supporters, using sometimes a bull,* and sometimes a white lion,† and at last a white hart, with antlers, which had been the supporters that Richard II had used before him.‡

EDWARD V, son of Edward IV, was a mere boy when he nominally came to the throne in 1483, but was murdered the same year by his uncle, Richard III, without having been crowned at all.

Richard, however, desired to pose as having been such a careful, affectionate uncle that he had a single coin struck bearing Edward V's name; and he had also a Coat of Arms for the little Prince, which was really the same as his father's, except that one of the supporters—the antlered hart—was changed into a hart without horns, probably to indicate the youth and still beardless condition of the young king.

RICHARD III, 1483–85, was, like his predecessors of York and Lancaster, descended from Edward III, and he retained that King's Arms without change; but he used his own private supporters, which were two wild boars, instead of the white lion and white hart of Edward IV. The wild boar was a favourite "great game" at that time, as the South African lion and the Indian tiger have been the great game of men desiring to gain reputation as mighty hunters in the present day.

TUDOR DYNASTY.

HENRY TUDOR (Earl of Richmond), 1485–1509, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms, but he introduced a change in the supporters, which lasted for nearly 120

* An ancient supporter of the Duke of Clarence.

† A supporter of the Mortimore family. ‡ See p. 76.

years, viz., until James I, in 1603, with one short exception in the case of Queen Mary.

His title to the English throne, to which he laid claim on the death of Richard III, was a curiously mixed one, for it was essentially a title by conquest, as he was crowned King of England on the battlefield, Richard's crown having been picked up after the battle from a tree on which it had in some way been thrown, and placed at once on Henry's head. But he claimed also to be great, great, great grandson of Edward III, and to have some imaginary claim because Katharine of France, widow of Henry V, had married Owen Tudor after Henry's death.* And, although Henry Tudor before the battle was only Earl of Richmond, he claimed that he had a few drops at any rate of royal blue blood in his veins, in order to satisfy the English, who were traditionally attached to hereditary descent.

For his future Welsh subjects, however, who were attached to tribal descent, he further claimed to be descended from Cadwalader, the last elected titular King of Wales. Of this descent Henry professed to be very proud, for there was a Welsh tradition that, when but little of the Welsh territory was left to Cadwalader, he had consoled himself in his misfortune by the assurance (? a Bardic prophecy) that one of his posterity would wear

* The marriage of Katharine with Owen Tudor is said to have originated at a ball, at which both happened to be present. Owen Tudor was an exceptionally handsome man and an excellent dancer, and he engaged Katharine's fancy so that she married him quietly without any court ceremonial. But, when she returned to Paris, the Parisian court ladies there reproached her with having married so much beneath her rank. She therefore desired Owen to send for the other members of his family for her inspection, and they assembled and proved also to be men of exceptionally good looks and physique. But, as Katharine knew no Welsh, and they knew no other language, they were mutually unintelligible, and not a word passed between them that the other side could understand. Her report, therefore, to the French ladies was that the Tudors were the finest dumb animals that she had ever seen.—Yorke, *Royal Tribes of Wales*. pp. 12, 13.

the diadem of England. "And here am I," said Henry, "in fulfilment of this prophecy." He therefore adopted as his own banner (probably on this ground) the red dragon, which was said to be that of his alleged ancestor, Cadwalader.*

This red dragon, with four short legs on the ground, and a long curling tail, was therefore on Henry's banner at the battle of Bosworth Field, and when he came to the throne he converted it into one of his supporters, but changed its attitude into that of a dragon sitting on its haunches, with large wings. His son, Henry VIII, still further modified it by making it stand erect on its two hind legs, with wings of a reduced size. And again, our present King, after an interval of three hundred years, has still further modified it by placing it in a marching attitude, with large elevated and expanded wings, and has restored it to a place of honour—assigning it to be worn habitually as a badge by the present Prince of Wales.

Henry VII's other supporter was another private Tudor one, viz., a white greyhound. But this retained its place, even with the Tudor Coat, for a much shorter time than the dragon.

HENRY VIII, son of Henry VII, 1509–47, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms, and at first adopted both the dragon and the greyhound of his father as his supporters; but at a later period he adopted the *golden lion* and the dragon, leaving out the greyhound. He also adopted the white and red roses combined as a badge.

All his wives had their private Coats of Arms, two of which influenced the Royal Coats of their children who succeeded him on the throne; but Henry did not himself add them in any way to his armorial bearings.

EDWARD VI, son of Henry VIII, 1547–53, adopted his

* Willement, *Royal Heraldry, Kings and Queens of England*, pp. 57, 58.

father's Arms without change; but he took the unicorn of his mother, Lady Jane Seymour, as one of his supporters, thus placing it for the first time with the English Arms.

MARY, Henry's daughter, 1553-58, materially altered the Royal Coat of Arms of her father, and also its supporters, out of filial reverence for her mother, the unhappy Catharine of Aragon, of whom she was the only descendant.

Henry, after twenty-four years of marriage, had divorced Catharine, and had added the further degradation and insult of obtaining an Act of Parliament declaring Mary, her only child, to be illegitimate, and incapable of inheriting the throne.

The Spanish Arms of Catharine were a largely quartered Coat, containing Aragon, Castille, Leon, and many others of less importance, with the Spanish eagle as one of its supporters. Catharine had adopted her husband's Tudor greyhound as one of her supporters, but she retained the Spanish eagle as the other; and when Mary did at length come to the throne, she was determined that her mother's name and memory should no longer be under reproach in consequence of Henry's conduct towards her; and while Mary retained the Tudor white greyhound as one of her supporters, she made the Spanish eagle a very prominent feature by taking it with its outspread wings as the other. She did not discard her own royal descent by leaving out the three English golden lions, for she placed them in one quarter of the shield, while her mother's multiple Coat of quarterings occupied the fourth quarter.*

* MARY'S MOTTOES.

In lieu of the Garter motto, which she did not adopt, Mary placed upon the first gold coinage issued after her seat upon the Throne had become firmly established, the touching motto—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes"—or as it is in the original—*Domino factum est istud et mirabile est in oculis nostris*, although she did not adopt it upon her Royal Shield. She might well take such a motto; for she was in continual danger

ELIZABETH, Mary's half-sister and Henry VIII's daughter, 1552-1603, made great changes in the Royal Coat of Arms, and a curious one also in one of its supporters. She changed the form of the Coat from a shield of four actual quarters into a triangle of three quite separate shields,* on the first of which she placed the English united golden lions and the French *fleurs de lys*; on the second she introduced the harp as the emblem of Ireland for the first time in the English Royal Arms; and on the third shield she placed, for the first and only time, the Arms of (NORTH) WALES, which were a golden lion on a red ground, and a red lion on a golden ground quarterly. For her motto she took a new one "*semper eadem*," which was curiously inconsistent with her political actions towards Holland and Spain in their tremendous struggle. She discarded the motto of Richard, "*Dieu et mon Droit*," which her brother Edward VI had previously used.

of life from Henry's capricious temper, and, although previous to his death, he had had another Act of Parliament passed, declaring her legitimate and a possible heir to the throne, it was after all but a "possible" heirship; for on her accession she still had to fight for it against the claim of the Duke of Northumberland and others in favour of Lady Jane Grey, whom Edward VI, in his last illness, had declared by his will to be the next heir.

When, then, at last, by Henry's will she did occupy the throne, she might well say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Mary, even during her own trials, had sheltered her younger half-sister Elizabeth as best she could; for Elizabeth was equally with herself in disfavour with Henry after Anne Boleyn's disgrace; and almost the first measure passed by Mary as Queen was to repeal the death penalty for clipping the coinage for which so many persons had been hanged in previous reigns. Her married life was rendered miserable by the cruelty and neglect of her husband, Philip of Spain, because she was a great sufferer in health, was unattractive in appearance, and brought him no heir to his Spanish and other world-wide dominions. Her life, previous to her marriage with him, had been one of pity and shelter for others, rather than of the actions committed under his predominant and cruel will—actions which brought upon her eventually the title of odium by which she has so long been known—a title which may perhaps not unjustly be changed in our thoughts about her now (with increased historical knowledge) from "*Maria Sanguinea*" to "*Maria Infelix et Miserima*."

* She seldom used these three shields, but almost invariably bore the old Coat of France and England quarterly.

For supporters she retained her father's golden lion, and also the Tudor dragon, but she made it into a bright yellow dragon, instead of a red one. History does not say why, and it must be left to the reader's imagination to decide whether it was because her own hair was—well! inclining to auburn, which she thought becoming, while the red of her grandfather's dragon scarcely came, even in her reign, within the limits of a fashionable colour for ladies' hair.*

A HARP FIRST USED AS THE BADGE OF IRELAND.

The period at which the harp first became the national emblem of Ireland is involved in obscurity, but the time at which it was officially placed by an English Monarch upon the Royal Coat of Arms is distinctly that of Queen Elizabeth, after whom it was retained by James I, and by every succeeding British Sovereign. Henry VIII was the first English Monarch who adopted the title of "King" of Ireland, but he did not place any badge of that country upon his Royal Coat, nor did Edward VI, or Mary, who succeeded him.

"The oldest record of the arms of Ireland in the Herald's Office, in Dublin, is in a MS. about 1590, the thirty-second year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It is a golden harp with silver strings, upon a blue ground. I

* It is interesting to notice how Elizabeth's Welsh descent, as a Tudor, influenced her actions towards that portion of her realm. We have just seen how she placed the North Wales Coat of Arms upon her Royal Shield; and almost the first Act of Parliament she passed was one ordering that the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, should be translated into Welsh, and so many copies should be printed that there might be one in every cathedral, college, and *parish church* throughout Wales; and that the services should be in Welsh, wherever the people did not understand English. Bishop Morgan, of St. Asaph, executed the principal part of the translation, with the assistance, in a minor degree, of seven other Welshmen.

should say the harp became the national badge of Ireland about 1541, on the assumption of the title of *King* of Ireland by Henry VIII. I do not know why Henry VIII, Edward VI and Mary omitted the harp in the Royal Arms, unless it was that England, Scotland and Ireland were treated separately in an armorial sense.*"

When one of Henry's predecessors, Edward IV, was about to issue a new *Irish* coinage, he appointed a commission to inquire what were the real Irish Arms; and it reported that from the time of Richard II they were *three golden crowns*, one above the other, on a blue ground, surrounded by a silver margin. In accordance with this report, he issued a silver coinage for *Ireland* with the English and French lions and *Fleurs de Lys* on the obverse, and the three golden crowns for Ireland on the reverse, but no mention is made of any Irish harp.

In the calendars of State papers, Carew MSS., under 19th November, 1540, reference is made to an *Irish* coin bearing the print of the harp on the one side thereof, and prohibiting its being current in England.†

Willement (p. 81) says in a note that, in an early MS. in the British Museum (Bib. Harl., No. 304), the arms of Ireland are three golden *harps*, with silver strings, on a red ground.

General Vallency, in the preface to his *Irish Grammar*, says that the harp was the sacred emblem of Baal, the principal deity of the ancient pagan Irish, which occasioned its being the emblem for Ireland; but he gives no authority beyond popular tradition, and his accounts of Irish traditions are not credited by modern Irish anti-

* MS. letter from Sir Arthur E. Vicars, Ulster King of Arms, Office of Arms, Dublin Castle.

† Several illustrations of these three golden crowns in the Irish coinages of Edward IV, Richard III, and Henry VII are given in Sainthill's *Olla Podrida of Irish Antiquities*, vol. i, plate xiii, p. 171.

quarians, as his sources of knowledge were very limited. There is no known trustworthy authority for connecting the Irish harp with the Phœnician Baal.

Sainthill's *Olla Podrida of Irish Antiq.*, vol. ii, p. 72-4, says that a portrait of Richard III in Rous's *Roll* (which was contemporary with that monarch) represents him in full armour, wearing an arched crown, and standing upon a boar, between six helmets, on each of which is a crest. To his right are Seynt Edward (a cross flory); France (*fleur de lys*); Gascoyne and Gyan (an oak branch with acorns); and to his left are England (a lion); Walys (a greyhound); and Ireland (a harp). Here, therefore, is a harp as a *crest* for Ireland in the reign of Richard III, but the question naturally arises: What induced Henry VIII to make it into a shield, as he did in the *Irish* coinage, while he was still only "*Dominus Hiber.*" (Lord of Ireland) many years before he assumed the title of "King" of Ireland.

In *Notes and Queries*, vol. xii, 1855, pp. 328 and 350, there is a long dissertation by J. Martin Leake, Esq., Garter King of Arms, as to whether the triangle surrounding the king's head in the *Irish* coinages of John and several of his successors, was not adopted as representing a traditional Harp, dating back from the Hebrew King David; but after considering every possible aspect of the subject, his winding up is that there is no authority for King David's harp, and, *So much is certain, that there was no settled devise for Ireland before the reign of King Henry VIII—*(p. 380).

"In the absence of any positive information as to why Henry VIII discarded the three crowns and substituted the harp as the Arms of Ireland, the tradition that it was in consequence of Pope Leo X, sending, in 1521, to the then dutiful son of the Church Henry VIII, the Harp of Brian

Borhu, as well as the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' seems as reasonable a cause as any other."*

The history and genuineness of this alleged harp of Brian Borhu must therefore be now considered, and for these our reference must be to Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* (Art. "Harp")—"One of the most ancient harps now existing is that of Brian Boroimhe (commonly known as Brian Borhu), the last great monarch of a united kingdom of Ireland before the Norman invasion under Henry II. After Brian's death, his harp and crown and other regalia were given by his son Donald to Pope John XVIII, in order to obtain absolution for the murder of his (Donald's) brother Teig." Brian Borhu had an almost European reputation for his wisdom and power as a king, and such a memento of such a monarch would have a sentimental value that we may compare in our own minds with a violin of Paganini or a *chef d'œuvre* of Raphael, and it was treasured accordingly.

Some hundred and fifty years afterwards, Pope Adrien, in his Bull conferring Ireland as a fief upon Henry II, adduced this harp as being a principal proof of title to the kingdom of Ireland. Some three hundred and fifty years later still, Pope Leo X presented it to Henry VIII, along with the title of 'Defender of the Faith,' in return for Henry's pamphlet against Luther; but after the king had finally broken all ties with the Papacy, Henry still retained the title, but presented the harp to the first Earl of Clanricarde. From him it came into the possession of the family of De Burgh, and it next came into that of McMahon of Glenagh, co. Clare. It afterwards passed into the possession of Macnamara of Limerick, and at last it was deposited by the Rt. Hon. William Conyngham in the College Museum, Dublin, in 1782, where it can

*Anc. Armorial Bearings of Ireland, Sainthill's *Olla Podrida*, vol. ii, p. 74.

still be seen as a treasured relic of the last great Irish king.

Not only was Brian Borhu a warrior and a statesman, but he resembled our own King Alfred in being a royal composer of songs, and in being also a skilled performer upon the harp; and it may easily be imagined that a youthful king like Henry VIII at that period of his reign would be flattered by such a present from a great pope like Leo X, and would readily adopt it as a badge for Ireland, which at that time had no recognised national emblem (see p. 86). No wonder that such a harp should have a surpassing sentimental value for popes and kings, and that it should still be a treasured relic, though now nearly a thousand years old.

Such, then, is the best answer in our power to the question, When and why did the harp become the emblem of Ireland? And the reader of this Paper may perhaps not be indisposed to agree with the conclusion arrived at in pages 86, 87. "In the absence of any positive information as to why Henry VIII discarded the three crowns and substituted the harp, the tradition that it was in consequence of the Pope, Leo X, sending him Brian Borhu's harp, and its accompanying title of 'Defender of the Faith,' seems as reasonable a cause as any other."

THE STUART DYNASTY.

JAMES I, 1603-25, son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and great grandson of Henry VIII's eldest sister, Margaret, Queen of Scotland.

JAMES I OF ENGLAND, BUT JAMES VI OF SCOTLAND, made the important change in the Royal Coat of Arms of introducing into it the rampant red lion of Scotland, which had not been present on the English Coat for 500 years, *i.e.*, since the time when Henry I had placed it there on

his marriage with Maud, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland.*

He abandoned entirely the Tudor dragon, and it has never been restored as a supporter; but he retained the English golden lion, and added the white unicorn, which had been one of the Scottish supporters from the time of the Scotch King James III, in 1460. He changed the motto of *Dieu et mon Droit* into "*Beati Pacifici*"—"Blessed are the Peace Makers"—and he introduced the Scotch thistle as a badge. He also adopted as one of his CRESTS the Scottish red lion sitting on its haunches, and holding a sword in one front paw and a sceptre in the other.

CHARLES I, son of James I, 1625-49. Charles I made no important change in the Royal Coat, but he adopted the Tudor roses and the Scotch thistle as *combined* badges for the first time. He also occasionally added the Cross of St. George as a dexter impalement on his shield. The explanation of this addition is that this cross forms a portion of the "star" of the Order of the Garter, and also appears on the "collar," and the King adopted this method of indicating that he was the Sovereign of the Order.

THE COMMONWEALTH, 1649-60.

OLIVER CROMWELL, 1653-58. Although Cromwell never took the title of King, and therefore had no Royal Arms, he was an important and powerful ruler in the British Isles for many years, and he can scarcely be left without mention when treating of the "changes in the Royal Arms from the time of William the Conqueror (when Coats of Arms are said not to have existed) to that of Edward VII, our present King."

The Coat which Cromwell did adopt as the official

* See p. 71.

symbol of the Commonwealth was a simple one. St. George's Cross (repeated) for England, St. Andrew's Cross (once) for Scotland, and the harp for Ireland occupied the four quarters of the shield, in the centre of which he placed his own family Arms—a rampant lion on a white ground. At a late period of his rule he coined a very beautiful five shilling piece, with his own bust on the obverse, wreathed with a laurel crown, so as to make him look like an old Roman Emperor; and on the reverse was his old standard, surmounted by a *royal crown*, and surrounded by the motto, "*Pax queritur Bello*," a singular motto for such a fighting ruler to have adopted. The whole design is without official explanation, but it is perhaps indicative of an unacknowledged hankering after the Crown, though he had previously refused it when he was asked to accept it by his Parliamentary Committee.

CHARLES II, 1661–85, and JAMES II, 1685–88 (the year in which James II ceased to be King, though he lived till 1701), made no change in the Royal Arms; but, by a legal fiction, Charles, after he came to the throne, was said to have been King from the date of his father's death in 1648, though he did not, in fact, come to the throne till 1661, the interval having been occupied by the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell and his son, Richard, and the uncertain movements of General Monk.

WILLIAM III and MARY II, 1688–1702. After the final departure of James II from England, in December, 1688, the throne was declared vacant, and William of Orange, after his almost bloodless march through the country, was declared to be King by the title of William III, and at the same time Mary, James's eldest daughter, was declared to be Queen, and their future title to be William and Mary; William, however, being the acting sovereign. Under

these conditions the throne passed to them as far as regarded England and Scotland, but Ireland was not represented in the arrangement, and James was still recognised there as King, until his defeat in the battle of the Boyne, and the eventual destruction of the remaining fragment of his army. William and Mary thus became King and Queen of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

As Mary was James's daughter there was no apparent reason for making any changes in the Royal Arms on her account; but William altered the shield materially by placing the Orange-Nassau Arms in the centre of the old Royal shield, and he also changed the Royal motto from "*Dieu et mon Droit*,"—"God and my right"—into "*Je meintendray*"* (the ancient Orange-Nassau motto), "I will maintain."

William had on his banner, when he landed at Torbay, the motto "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England," and, as Holland had always been the champion of Protestantism, and William was its staunchest upholder, the motto on the banner and that which he placed on the Royal Coat in lieu of the old *Dieu et mon Droit* would be quite in harmony, though the motto itself dated back some hundred years before William's time.

William's Arms of Orange were a rampant golden lion on a blue shield, the shield being sprinkled over with yellow billets, the meaning of which upon the shield I have been unable to learn.

ANNE, 1702-14, the last surviving daughter of James II, when she succeeded to the throne on the death of William III without heirs, simply removed the Orange

* This mode of spelling the word with an *e* (mein) is a very ancient French form of Main.—Godefroy's *French Dictionary* of 1888, vol. v., 4to, e.g., "Mein" voir "Main," "Meindre" voir "Maindre," "Meinteneur." See also *Dict. de l'Ancienne langue Française et de tous les dialectes, du ix au xv siècle*, in the Liverpool Free Library.

Coat of Arms from the Royal Shield of William and Mary, but while retaining the garter motto of "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," she omitted the royal motto of "*Dieu et mon droit*;" for her father James was still alive, and still claimed the throne as *his* "right." She substituted instead Elizabeth's former motto of "*semper eadem*," which, under the circumstances, would appear to imply that Elizabeth began and ended life as a Protestant, and so also did Anne, only, perhaps, still more staunchly. At any rate it was the foundation upon which she was placed by the nation upon the throne.

In 1706, after she had been on the throne for four years, the Act of Parliament was passed, both in England and in Scotland, by which the two kingdoms became united under the new title of "Great Britain," with a single combined parliament, instead of being two separate kingdoms with separate parliaments, although both under the same sovereign; in that respect resembling the present condition of Austria and Hungary.

In consequence of this important national change, another change was made in the Royal Coat of Arms, for the old three golden English lions and the red rampant Scotch lion were now put together into the first and fourth actual quarters of the shield, instead of being separated as before. The Irish harp remained in the third quarter, and the French *fleurs de lys* were removed from their old junction with the English lions, and were put by themselves in the second quarter.—(Willement, pl. xxix, fig. 2, pp. 98, 99).

JAMES III, of England = JAMES VIII, of Scotland, 1715, son of James II, was proclaimed "King of England" in Paris after his father's death in 1701. He never reigned; but his assumption of the title of King of England, and his attempt to establish it, form so important an episode in

English History at this period that it may be introduced here more appropriately than at any other time.

Until the death of Queen Anne, in whom the last surviving child of James II died without leaving any direct heir, but little was ever heard in England of James's son James, who was known in France by the title of the Chevalier de St. George, that saint being the traditional patron saint of England. Louis XIV during his constant continental wars always desired to obtain the alliance of England to help him, or at any rate not to hinder him, and he therefore pensioned Charles II to the end of Charles's life, in order to keep him quiet; and after James's expulsion from England and Ireland he pensioned him also until his death, out of pity for his misfortunes. The Scotch highland chieftains, however, were always a strong party in favour of the old name of the Scotch Stuart Kings, and when William III, and afterwards Anne, so actively opposed Louis, he appears to have thought that he might find the young James a useful weapon against England, in Scotland at any rate; so he encouraged him to make a descent upon Scotland at the first good opportunity, and promised him both pecuniary help and the assistance of troops.

Relying upon these promises, James had a die prepared, inscribed "*Jacobus III, King of England,*" intended for eventual English use in coinage; and another for Scottish use, inscribed "*Jacobus VIII—*Dei gratia*—King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, 1716.*"

When, then, Anne was dead, and the Hanoverian George was to be King of England, the time seemed to have come for James' son to make his descent upon Scotland, which he did in 1715, taking these dies with him. In the meantime, however, Marlborough had vanquished Louis XIV on the Continent; the French

exchequer was exhausted; and Louis was not going to have any further trouble with England for the sake of the son of James II. James, however, set sail for Scotland in hopes that his personal presence there might prove successful, taking his dies with him, and practically nothing else.

But soon after his arrival he found that his prospect of success was hopeless, and he escaped back to France, leaving his Scotch followers to their fate, which was a disastrous one—and thus ended the “rising of '15”—as it was called, but it was not the end of these “dies.” When the Pretender died, in 1766, his effects were sold, and among other practical rubbish were these two dies, rusty and worthless, except as curiosities. They were bought by Mr. Young, a noted London coin dealer, who cleaned them up and struck off a very limited number of impressions, and then broke up the dies so that they might never be used again. These coins are now of extreme rarity, but one of them is in the British Museum, and the remaining few are in unknown collections of rare coins.

GUELPHIC OR HANOVERIAN DYNASTY.

GEORGE I, Elector of Hanover, 1714–27. Son of Sophia, granddaughter of James I, and therefore great grandson of that King. George retained the old Royal Arms, Mottoes, and Supporters, except that he removed from the fourth quarter the duplicate copy of the combined English and Scotch Arms used by Queen Anne, and replaced it by the Hanover Coat, which is a complicated and interesting one. It contains two golden lions, for Brunswick, on a red ground; a galloping white horse, on a red ground, for Saxony; a rampant blue lion, on a yellow ground, with a sprinkling of red hearts, for Lunenberg; and a golden crown, derived from Charlemagne, to repre-

sent the Holy Roman Empire. The intrinsic interest for English minds in this Coat of Arms is derived from the multitude of ancient dynasties and states combined in the Guelphic family, which originated the present English Dynasty, but which has become perhaps better known as the comparatively recent Hanoverian family than as the ancient Guelphic Dynasty, which latter dates back to the Saxon King Witikind who claimed descent from the Scandinavian god, Woden, but was "persuaded" (query—*compelled*) by Charlemagne to become a Christian about A.D. 785.

COMPONENTS OF THE HANOVERIAN COAT OF ARMS.

The white galloping or leaping horse of Saxony has an exceptional interest; for there is in it an historical connection between Hengist, the first Saxon invader of England, and the present day in Kent. Vortigern, the last King of the Britons, after the Romans had been withdrawn from England, invited a Saxon chieftain entitled "Hengist" to come over to Kent to assist in driving out the Picts, and, either traditionally or historically, Hengist carried a rampant white horse as his banner. But "Hengist" is an Anglo-Saxon word: "Henges-es" (noun, mas), meaning "a stallion—a horse" (Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary*), and the characteristic of such a horse is its powerful, rampant, galloping, daring qualities. It would seem from this as if the qualities were possessed in a special degree either by the Saxon chieftain himself personally, or by the family generally from which he was descended; and that it was therefore a descriptive adjective rather than a personal name; just as "Rufus" is the well-known historical appellation for our King William II, of England; "Barbarossa," "red-bearded," is the epithet for the German Emperor, Frederick Bar-

barossa; and "Longshanks," for our English King Edward I, and the like.

Now, when the Saxon warrior, characterised as "Hengist" had defeated the Picts and driven them away, or, more probably, annihilated them, Vortigern intimated that he would pay him for the services rendered, and "Hengist" might return to his Saxon home. But this did not meet the Saxon's views, for he had found Kent a much more fertile and pleasant country to live in than the forests and swamps of Saxony, so he stayed, and made himself "King" of Kent about A.D. 454 or 478 (*Saxon Chronicle*). And there he remained, and his descendants after him, until Kent became absorbed in the Heptarchy. After this combined realm had become well established by Egbert, its Kentish section became the "County" of Kent, of which the rampant white horse of Hengist upon a red ground is the Coat of Arms at the present day.

Still further interest attaches to this Saxon emblem; for the motto of the County of Kent is "*Invicta*," "unconquered." The British Vortigern could not regain it when under Hengist's rule, nor could the Norman William conquer it. For when he went on his tour throughout England to secure the submission of the entire kingdom to his rule, he took Kent in his way. But when his approach was announced among the Kentish woods and marshes, the Kentish men, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, took branches of trees and came to meet him, their numbers being unknown to William because of their leafy concealment. And when he called for their submission, the Archbishop, as their spokesman, replied that it should only be on the condition that he would behave peaceably towards them himself, and that they should still be governed by their old Kentish laws—otherwise they would fight to the death; for the men of Kent were not

afraid to die, but they would never become slaves. To these conditions William consented; and the Kentish laws of inheritance of landed property, and of the division of property among the women of Kent, are to the present day different from the laws of descent in other parts of England.

The next feature in the Hanover arms that is of special interest to an English mind is the Rampant Blue Lion; for it recalls the *Blue Lion* of BRABANT in the coat of Henry I (see p. 71), which, after his death, disappeared from English history for about 600 years. Any endeavour to trace the innumerable changes among the various German States during even historic periods is bewildering to the last degree, and it is enough to say that Brabant, from which Henry I obtained his second wife, passed in the course of centuries through a variety of combinations and separations that resulted at last in its becoming Lunenburg, in the Coat of Hanover which is now under consideration; and thus connects our present Royal family with that of the early Norman conquerors of England.

THE GOLDEN CROWN OF CHARLEMAGNE occasions a smile rather than active interest in the English mind; for it was the badge of office of the Arch-treasurer of the Holy Roman Empire, which was one of the titles of dignity that was retained as an honour even by our own king George III—although for an unknown period there had not been as much as half-a-crown in the treasury of that Holy Roman Empire for him to be “Arch-treasurer” of. This title was relinquished by George III in 1801, and has not been resumed since then.

The two Golden Lions of BRUNSWICK have not any special interest, either historical or otherwise, that I have been able to discover.

GEORGE II—son of George I—1727–60, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms.

GEORGE III—grandson of George II—(his father Frederick having died during the life time of George II), 1761–1820, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms on his accession to the throne; but during his long reign of nearly sixty years several important national events occurred which occasioned important changes in the Royal Coat, and in the King's titles also.

In the year 1800, the "Act of Union" between England and Ireland was passed in the Irish Parliament in March, and in the English Parliament in the succeeding July; but the act was not to come into operation until the 1st of January of the following year—1801. On this occasion the Royal badge was changed from the rose and the thistle to the English rose, the Scotch thistle, and the Irish shamrock, which last was then adopted for the first time as a Royal badge. When speaking of this combined badge, one generally hears it called "The Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle," but this erroneous order of precedence really depends partly upon the alphabet, in which the order of their first letters is R S T, not R T S, and also upon the facility with which the wrong order runs off the tongue when compared with the correct one. The rose by itself was the English badge until the accession of James I, when the thistle was added; and then, in 1801, for the first time, the shamrock was officially added, although the British monarch had been "King of Ireland" from the middle of Henry VIII's reign.

At this period also (1801), the presence of the French Royal *Fleurs de Lys* on the English Coat of Arms, and the title of "King of France," which still remained among the English Royal titles, had become such glaring absurdities, that both the French Arms and the title were removed

from the British Coat. The former title of King of Great Britain and Ireland was also changed into, "King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its Dependencies;" and the Union Jack, which had previously consisted only of St. George's Cross for England, and St. Andrew's Cross for Scotland, was altered by the addition of St. Patrick's Cross for Ireland.

The *White "Bonnet"* of the ELECTOR of Hanover was also added to the Elector's Coat of Arms on the Royal Shield, and the change in its appearance was striking.

So the Royal Coat of Arms remained until 1816, the year after the battle of Waterloo. In March, 1815, however, previous to that battle, the treaty of Vienna had changed the "Electorate" into a "Kingdom," and the Elector's white bonnet had been changed into a golden crown, which, in its altered form, was placed upon the Coat of George III in 1816. The King's title was also changed from Elector to "King" of Hanover.

This Royal Coat remained without further change until the death of William IV, when the dominion of Hanover passed from the English monarch (Queen Victoria), and became a separate kingdom under the Duke of Cumberland, the eldest surviving son of George III.

GEORGE IV, son of George III, 1820-30, made no change in the Royal Arms or accompaniments.

WILLIAM IV, also son of George III, 1830-37, made no changes.

VICTORIA, daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, and granddaughter of George III, 1837-1901, made the important change of removing the Hanoverian Coat from the British Royal Coat of Arms, and ceasing to use the Hanoverian title, which passed to her uncle, the Duke of Cumberland—as she, being a woman, could not (by the Salic law) inherit the kingdom of Hanover.

On the 1st of January, 1877, the Queen took the title of Empress of India, newly created by Act of Parliament in 1876; and although the limitation to India of the title "Empress" was not specified in the Act itself, the government undertook officially that the title should be limited to India, and that the English monarch should never become "Empress" of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.*

MOTTO.—Although the following never appeared upon the Royal Coat of Arms as a *royal* motto, the Queen did place a motto upon her accession £5 gold coin that cannot be too warmly admired or too truly accepted as expressing her inmost thoughts, and as being the key-note of her long reign:—"Domine dirige gressus meos"—"Oh Lord, direct my steps"—was her youthful prayer as Queen, and was placed upon her first coinage.

EDWARD VII, son of Queen Victoria, 1901, made no change in the Royal Coat of Arms on his accession to the throne on the 22nd of January, 1901. He was strongly urged by the Welsh nobility and many of the most influential representatives of that part of his dominions, to add the Principality to the Royal Coat of Arms by removing the duplicate English lions from the fourth quarter of the shield, and substituting the badge of Wales—the red dragon—in its place; to which it was earnestly hoped that he might consent, as he had been Prince of Wales for nearly sixty years.

By this means the Royal Coat would in future have borne the arms of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Such a change could, however, only be made on the advice of the Privy Council, and that august body did not advise that the change should be made. No reasons have

* See the Act itself, 1876, and the *Annual Register* for 1876, pp. 12-19, for the debates in Parliament for and against the creation of this new title.

been officially assigned for their negative decision; but it is not improbable that they felt the difficulty that might arise if Wales were added to the Royal Coat, because the Colonies, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands might put forward their claims not to be left out.

It is not improbable also that having regard to past history, the Privy Council might remember that Scotland had been a kingdom almost time out of mind; and that it was only put upon the Royal Arms when James, of Scotland, became King of England. And that, before Ireland was placed on the Royal Shield, Henry VIII had accepted the title of "King" of Ireland in lieu of that of "Lord" of Ireland, which his ancestors had held for about 400 years—from the time of Henry II. But Wales had never, in fact, been a kingdom as a whole, but had always been divided into North Wales, South Wales, and Powys Land. Even Llewellyn, the great Welsh hero, and the King of the Bardic songs, had never called himself King of Wales, but only claimed to be "King of Snowdon and the parts adjoining," which were defined as being* Carnarvon, Anglesey and Merioneth.

The King, however, being the fountain of honour, can empower his subjects to wear Coats of Arms, and possess titles if they are not already possessed by other persons; and although he was not at liberty to create Wales into a quasi-"kingdom" by placing it upon the Royal Coat of Arms, he has conferred the distinguished honour upon the Principality which has been previously described (p. 81).

TITLES AND MOTTOES.

Edward VII has changed the Royal titles by altering their old enumeration into—"Of the United Kingdom of

* This question is very fully discussed in the ix chapter, pp. 68-88, of the *Picture of Wales during the Tudor period—Henry VII to Elizabeth*,—Howell, Liverpool; and Simpkin & Marshall, London.

Great Britain and Ireland *and of his British Dominions beyond the seas* King—Emperor of India.” The new portion of the title is the part given above in italics, and it was described in the Proclamation as including the colonies and other parts of the world that are beyond the seas surrounding the British Isles. He has not in any way changed the old mottoes, or added new ones.

HENRY IX—Grandson of James II. It is probable that very few Englishmen of the present day ever heard of Henry IX, King of England—whose personal vicissitudes resemble in romance much of the Stuart history generally. James II left a son James, known as the Pretender (see p. 92), who was proclaimed by Louis XIV, in Paris, as James III, King of England. He left two sons—Charles, better known in Scotland as “Bonnie Prince Charlie,” who made the unsuccessful “rising in ’45,” in the reign of George II, and Henry, a younger son, who was brought up as an ecclesiastic. The reigning Pope, Benedict XIV, took pity upon him after the death of Louis, who had previously assisted Henry with funds; for Henry was the grandson of a king of very ancient descent, who, furthermore had lost his crown in consequence of his attachment to the Romish faith. So the Pope made him a Cardinal, and also Bishop of Tuscany. James II had created him Duke of York, so that he had now an income and noble titles as duke, cardinal, and bishop.

But when Napoleon over-ran Italy, and overcame the Pope, he seized all the ecclesiastical revenues, and Henry was soon almost destitute even of the means of obtaining daily necessities. This was brought to the ears of George III through a trusted agent in Rome, who represented the cardinal’s deplorable condition; and the king, pitying the melancholy fate of him who might possibly, under other conditions, have been occupying his own seat

on the English throne, gave him, in 1800, an annuity of £4,000 a year from his own privy purse, and a home in London if he liked to accept it; and, as "Cardinal York," Henry was a welcome and honoured guest at the English court and in London society until his death in 1807.

He had never advanced any claim to the English throne like his father and his brother, but during his period of prosperity, previous to the advent of Napoleon, he had the desire to leave some record of his ancestry and hereditary rights, and he therefore had a very beautiful bronze medal coined in Rome in 1798, representing his profile and titles on the obverse—"Henry IX Dei Grat. Mag. Brit. Franc. et Hib. Rex—Dux Eborencis (York) Card. Epis. Tusc.;" and on the reverse an emblematic female figure of Rome weeping over his crown lying on the ground, and showing St. Peter's and a bridge across the Tiber in the background, surrounded by the singular inscription, "Not by the good wishes of men, but by the will of God" ("*non desiderii Hominum, sed voluntate Dei*"). He could not help being the grandson of James II and his only surviving heir to the crown of England, for that was by the will of God; but by the good wishes of men (and also by the will of God) the throne was occupied by another King, and Rome was weeping over it.

With Henry's death the Stuart family came to an end—a dynasty so weak and yet so popular, and still retaining so unique a position in the sentiments of the British nation.

Thus have we endeavoured to show the rich fund of historical interest that is associated with "the changes in the Royal Arms," and to revivify by the spirit of the Kings and Queens—some of them long past, but still living in what are sometimes thought of as the simply worthless "dry bones" of technical heraldry.

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF CROMWELL WITH FRANCE AND SPAIN.

BY ROLAND J. A. SHELLEY.

OF all the characters that have played their part on the stage of English history, it is surely not audacious to assert that few, if any, excite greater interest in these opening years of the twentieth century than does that of Oliver Cromwell—he who un-made a king, and yet could not, or dare not, accept the final honour of royalty himself.

In no slight degree has this interest been fostered by Mr. John Morley's scholarly biography of the Protector—a work at once analytical yet broad-minded; and, as far as possible, free from those irritating outbreaks of bias that mar the work of many a historian, and render its worth to the student of a future generation an almost negligible quantity.

Though, indeed, beyond the vaguest of outlines, there does not, it is to be feared, exist in our halcyon days of week-end literature much detailed knowledge of the events of our history, the salient features of the Protector's career are fairly well known. And strange it would be were it otherwise. The man who, of all others, had the largest share in severing for awhile the links of kingship, must surely attract the attention of the most superficial reader, however lightly the latter may care to glean for the less potent features of such a life of action.

It is my purpose to deal here with one momentous epoch of the stormy days in which Cromwell held sway. In what position did the Lord Protector find himself when

peace was made with the Dutch early in 1654? If his ambition had for a time been satisfied by his appointment as supreme magistrate of the Commonwealth, none the less was his strong spirit troubled by the varying power of the factions around him. Independent might hate Presbyterian, Royalist might hate both; but doubtless all were agreed in this, if in nothing else: that they viewed with violent dislike the government of him who had for divers reasons roused their resentment. And no one knew more surely than did Cromwell himself on how slender a foundation his power was built. The Royalists he could afford to treat with almost contemptuous indifference; but the other two great parties in the State, whom alike he had outwitted, consisted of men of desperate, nay, fanatical courage, whose machinations required all his energy and skill to combat. It does not seem strange, therefore, that he should have recourse to some scheme by which he could draw off public attention from the condition of home politics, by launching on what is now-a-days called a spirited foreign policy. It has recently been said that whatever our political views may be in time of peace, Englishmen should be of but one party when facing an enemy. And perhaps Cromwell, with intuitive discernment, was of a like opinion. It would be altogether an ungrounded statement to aver that he sought a war merely as a means to occupy men's minds from the intricate position of domestic affairs. But when we remember his stern determination to act, not only as Protector of the English Commonwealth, but also of the Protestant States on the Continent, surely this must have appeared to him the psychological moment to put his plans into force; the more so as he could count upon the religious, even more than upon the patriotic spirit of his countrymen to lend him every support.

A glance at the state of European affairs during the first half of the seventeenth century is here essential. That period was rendered famous, or, shall we say infamous, in the annals of modern history by the Thirty Years' War, which terminated in the Peace of Westphalia, 1648. The cause of strife was the injudicious acceptance by the Elector Palatine Frederick, son-in-law of our own James I, of the crown of Bohemia, offered to him by the insurgent Protestant States, in opposition to the Emperor Ferdinand, who had some two years previously been proclaimed and crowned King during the lifetime of his cousin Matthias. The importance of the Thirty Years' War to a great extent lies in the effect it had upon the balance of Continental power. At its commencement the House of Austria was the predominating force in Europe; for though not then to be compared with the transcendental supremacy it enjoyed at the abdication of Charles V in 1556, it was nevertheless of dominating influence. During those long years of combat, when the tide of success was now with the Imperial troops, led by such veterans as Wallenstein and Tilly, and now with the Protestant States, aided by the matchless skill and courage of the dauntless Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, France was destined to take an important part in the events that culminated in the Treaty of Westphalia.

The death of Henry IV had shortly been followed by the annihilation of all those benefits to his country that had been derived from his vigorous and economical administration. But with the advent of Richelieu a new state of affairs was reached. To curb the insolence of the great nobles, to render the royal authority paramount, and finally, to check the supremacy of the House of Austria: these were the aims of the subtlest statesman of his age; and when, in 1642, he passed to his grave, the first two of

his objects had been achieved ; the last was yet to receive its finishing touches from another hand, that of the man to whom his power in the State descended, the wily Mazarin. With him, as with Richelieu, such assistance as was rendered to the insurgent Protestants was perforce the outcome, not of religious sympathy, but of the fixed resolve to harass and diminish the predominance of Austria, to the consequent advantage of France : in other words, to establish a balance of power. To quote an eminent historian : "The establishment of royal authority, the reduction of the Austrian family, were pursued with ardour and success ; and every year brought an accession of force and grandeur to the French monarchy." When, in 1648, the Thirty Years' War came to an end, the prestige of the Germanic branch of the House of Austria had received a severe blow ; and by the terms of the Treaty of Westphalia the Emperor "was deprived of that preponderance in Europe which his family, by its own weight, had hitherto maintained over France."

The war between Spain and France still continued however ; and Mazarin's object was now to lower the pride of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria as effectively as he had the Germanic. Writers for the most part seem to agree in their estimate of the character of Cardinal Mazarin, the then Prime Minister of France, who had the principal management of affairs during the minority of Louis XIV. Though carrying on the same policy as his great predecessor, he was a man of entirely different parts ; at once artful and vigilant, supple and patient, false and intriguing—as Hume quaintly puts it : "Placing his honour more in the final success of his measures than in the splendour and magnanimity of the means which he employed."

And, now, when France and Spain were in the throes

of their great struggle, both nations suddenly awoke to the fact that a new and powerful state had arisen, the friendship of which was all important to each of the contending crowns. To some extent they were on equal terms as regards their claim, if any, to the goodwill of the Lord Protector. During the Civil War each country had been so occupied with its own immediate affairs, that beyond some slight help given by Richelieu at the outset to the Scotch insurgents, neither had taken any active participation in the struggle between King and Parliament. The throne of Spain, for which the timorous James had so profound a respect, was not allied by marriage to that of England; and, indeed, its envoy, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, was the first public minister who recognized the authority of the new republic. But, on the other hand, it would appear that from the moment of his triumphant return from Worcester, Cromwell was courted by Mazarin, who afterwards sent over Bourdeaux as minister to propitiate him, and seek a treaty; despite the fact that English privateers were preying meanwhile on the commercial marine of France. The anxiety of both Spain and France can therefore be understood, when it was learnt that the Protector was, in 1654, fitting out two mighty fleets, the destination of which was a secret; and the ambassadors of neither nation could obtain any information from the English Council. The Spanish envoy, however, must have had serious qualms when Cromwell demanded from him freedom from the Inquisition, and free sailing in the West Indies as the price of his pronounced friendship; and the reply that the Indian trade and the Inquisition were his master's two eyes, and that the Protector insisted upon the putting out both of them at once, cannot but have had a strong effect upon that stern character, before whom the artful Mazarin cringed in many an undignified attitude.

Even Clarendon could not withhold his admiration for the might of the man whose name alone was able to save the persecuted Protestants of the Lucerne Valley from the vengeance of the Duke of Savoy. Though the wily Italian could obtain no compensating toleration for the Catholics in England in exchange, yet to assuage the wrath of Cromwell he compelled the Duke of Savoy "to renew all those privileges the Protestants of the Lucerne Valley had hitherto enjoyed;" and thereby doubtless drew towards him a certain amount of goodwill from the Protector.

It must indeed have been gall to Mazarin to find the style of the latest opponent he had to meet in the domain of statecraft. This plain, rugged soldier, he smoothly rejoiced to think, would be no match against his own unrivalled powers of dissimulation—just a certain amount of humouring, a certain amount of latitude, and the simple fanatic would be as clay in the hands of the potter. He was soon to be undeceived. To his amazement the Protector proved a master in the art of dissimulation, and of hiding his own projects. However much the Cardinal might concede, not a jot would Cromwell for his part abate from his own demands; and in the light of the dealings between these two powerful characters, we can smile at Mazarin's assertion in after years, that in truth he had no respect for Cromwell, whom really he looked upon as a fortunate madman. At all events, he might have added, there was method in such madness.

The year 1654 was now waning to its close: the fleets destined for some foreign enterprise were ready for sea; and yet mystery still reigned as to their respective destinations.

The first of these squadrons, consisting of thirty ships, under the renowned Blake,—a zealous republican, whose fame as a seaman rang through Europe by reason of his

feats against the Dutch—was sent into the Mediterranean ; and to disarm the suspicion of the King of Spain, the Protector wrote him that its despatch implied no ill intent to any ally or friend “in the number of which we count your Majesty.” And in a certain sense this was true. Blake’s first action was to cast anchor before Leghorn, and obtain satisfaction from the Duke of Tuscany for some losses English commerce had formerly sustained from him. Then he sailed to Algiers, and compelled the Dey to make peace on humiliating terms, and to guarantee that he would refrain from acts of piracy on English subjects. When, however, he made a similar demand of the Dey of Tunis, that potentate, relying upon the strength of his castles of Porto Farino and Goletta, bade him defiance. At once the English admiral opened fire upon the town ; soon reduced the batteries to silence, and destroyed all the shipping within the harbour, sustaining but slight loss himself. As Clarendon says: “This was indeed an action of the highest conduct and courage, and made the name of the English very terrible and formidable in those seas.”

In the meantime the second squadron had left England. It was commanded by Penn, who had served with distinction in the Dutch war, and carried some 4,000 soldiers, with Venables at their head. Both these men, it has been stated, were at heart sympathisers with the Royal cause. Be that as it may, their joint commission ended disastrously. The instructions they received were to proceed direct to the Barbadoes, and there open their commissions. On their arrival they were to take fresh troops on board ; and they found to their sorrow that the 5,000 men who joined them consisted of the scum of the army. Thus, with over 9,000 troops, they set sail for Hispaniola, determining, in accordance with instructions,

to attack St. Domingo, the only place of strength in the island. But misfortune attended them. The two commanders differed as to the plan of action; and when Venables landed at some distance from the town, the broiling heat, added to their ignorance of the country, delayed their advance, and so enabled the Spaniards to prepare for defence. The invaders were ambuscaded, and lost heavily; and, after suffering much hardship from the climate, they re-embarked and put to sea once again. Their expedition was not altogether fruitless, however, for they captured Jamaica without a shot being fired; and although at home this was considered a poor offset to the disgrace sustained, yet Cromwell with sage foresight gave orders that the island should be held at all costs, and sent reinforcements to that end. The Protector's resentment against Penn and Venables for their lack of success was violent; and on their arrival back in England he committed them to the Tower, and never again entrusted them with his confidence.

As might be expected, the King of Spain was indignant at this unwarranted assault on his Indian possessions, and at once declared war against England. Having regard to Cromwell's assurance as to the friendliness of his intentions, Philip undoubtedly had a just grievance; and yet, as Mr. Morley points out: "From the Elizabethan times, conflict on the high seas had ranked as general reprisal, and did not constitute a state of war. . . . The status of possessions over sea was still unfixed, but Cromwell, however, had no right to be surprised when Philip chose to regard this aggression as justifying a declaration of war in Europe." We should certainly have been amazed had he acted otherwise. And, further, the King of Spain now began to warmly espouse the cause of the exiled Charles; and early in 1656 bound himself to definite measures for

the transport of a Royalist force from Flanders to aid in an English restoration.

Cromwell, for his part, was no less decisive. He completed a treaty with France, and sent as his ambassador, Lockhart, a man of great address, who soon won the esteem of the Cardinal. Roughly speaking, the terms of the agreement between France and England were these. That Cromwell should send over to France an army of 6,000 men, to be commanded by their own general, who was to receive orders only from Marshal Turenne; and that when Dunkirk and Mardike were taken they were to be put into the Protector's hands.

Louis XIV himself reviewed the English veterans on their landing on French soil; and one may imagine the interest with which he gazed on those tried soldiers, by whose aid his own royal kinsman had been brought to the block. They were soon to gain the respect of friend and foe alike. Although it was none of the intention of the French commander that his new recruits should forthwith be employed to reduce Dunkirk, Lockhart had other views; and promptly charged the Cardinal with breach of faith. Nay, he did not hesitate to use veiled threats, with the result that Mardike was soon invested and taken, being delivered into the English General Reynolds' hands, the soldierly qualities of whose men had been noted with admiration by their allies. And following upon this, the French agreed to attack Dunkirk the next year.

In the meantime the conduct of the mighty Blake was still more glorious to his country's fame. The Protector had informed him, when he set out from England for the Mediterranean, that after dealing with the business there he was to open a second commission, which doubtless had reference to a junction with Penn; but that admiral's inglorious return home must have rendered futile such

scheme as Cromwell had devised to the detriment of the Spanish King. Now, however, further ships were sent him, under the command of Montague, who, a few years later, was to have an important share in bringing about the Restoration. Upon the latter's arrival, the English squadron lay for some time off Cadiz, hoping to intercept the Plate fleet; but after waiting in vain for a few months, it was compelled, owing to scarcity of water, to set sail for a Portuguese harbour. A few ships, however, were left to watch for the Spaniards, who, in due course, were sighted and pursued. Some of their fleet managed to escape into Gibraltar; but two galleons, with great booty, were captured, and another two burnt, in one of which the home-coming Viceroy of Mexico lost his life. On arrival of the treasure at Portsmouth, Cromwell, to impress the people with its magnitude, ordered the bullion to be conveyed by cart to London; and very acceptable it must have proved to his diminished coffers.

Blake still rode out the winter storms off Cadiz, with the intention of waylaying the Peru fleet, which, he gathered from prisoners, would prove to possess far greater value than his first capture. But he wisely foresaw that advice would reach it of his purpose; and so he made for the Canaries to intercept it as soon as possible. On reaching there, he found his suspicions verified. Sixteen stout ships lay within the harbour of Santa Cruz, and these were covered by the guns of the castle; whilst six or seven small forts had been raised in various positions of advantage.

The English admiral at once saw it would be impossible to capture the galleons; but no danger could daunt his intrepid spirit, and so he determined to burn them. With a favouring wind he sailed in, and engaged ships, castle, and forts alike. Despite the sturdy resistance of

the Spaniards, his aim was achieved; and after a four hours' conflict the galleons were all burnt. But now the danger to which the attacking fleet was exposed became apparent. They had yet to make good their retreat, and were still exposed to the cannon from shore. Fortune, however, smiled upon them. The wind, providentially it would appear, veered round and carried them safely out of the bay without the loss of a single ship; and although no treasure had been carried off, the renown of this mighty feat filled Europe, and increased the fame of England.

But the gallant Blake was to gain no more victories over his foes. Whilst the fleet was returning to his native shores he breathed his last; and with him passed away one who had perhaps done more to drive terror into Spanish hearts than any man since the days of the fearless Drake. A stern Republican, he was above all a patriot. "It is still our duty," he said to the seamen, "to fight for our country, into what hands soever the Government may fall." Cromwell gave him a pompous funeral, but as a writer has aptly said: "The tears of his countrymen were the most honourable panegyric to his memory."

Early in 1658, pursuant to their promise, which Cromwell strictly enforced, the French began to make preparations for the investment of Dunkirk. The Spanish Governor, the Marquis de Leyde, received timely warning, and speedily despatched messengers to Brussels to crave reinforcements from Don John, the commander-in-chief; but with no avail. He accordingly went thither himself, and assured the generalissimo that he had certain advice that Marshal Turenne was ready to march on Dunkirk; and that unless the place were supplied with men, ammunition and stores, it would not be possible to hold it. All the satisfaction he could get, however, was an assurance that the French meant to attack Cambrai, and so he need

have no misapprehension from them; but if he *was* assailed, well, he would be relieved before any danger overtook him. And with this he had to be content, and returned to Dunkirk. He had not been there beyond three or four days when the French appeared before the place. They promptly invested it, and so prevented any forces being thrown into the town. All too late, Don John then hurried to the assistance of his countrymen, but found the French ranged before Dunkirk in a strong position. The famous Condé, who was serving with the Spaniards, and who, years before, had fought in the same campaigns with Turenne, was not slow to recognise the designs of his whilom comrade-in-arms. He told Don John that if he gave battle at once to the French, they would not only continue the siege, but would also fight with the advantage of ground; whereas, if the Spaniards would manœuvre for position, their foes would be compelled to accept battle under more equal conditions. His words, however, fell on deaf ears, and he was too good a soldier not to obey orders; though he arranged his own troops in such a position that, when the day had ended in complete victory for the allies, Condé could at least satisfy himself with the consolation that it was no fault of his. Surely of all battles that were fought in modern warfare, this was one of the most incongruous; for not only was a great French Prince fighting against the land of his birth, but, whilst the Protectorate troops under Lockhart had utterly routed the Spanish infantry—once the finest in Europe—on the other hand, the exiled Charles's two brothers—the Dukes of York and Gloucester—charged several times with the Spanish cavalry on the English ranks. The relieving forces thus being put to flight, the garrison were reduced to sore straits; and after the gallant governor had made a heroic but futile sortie, in which he lost his life, the town

capitulated upon favorable terms. Louis XIV by this time had arrived at the camp, accompanied by Mazarin, and himself took possession of the town, it being a favorite practice of this versatile monarch to keep out of the way when his forces were engaged in any dangerous enterprise; but as soon as success was in sight, to appear on the scene, and claim all the credit to himself that rightly belonged to Turenne or other of his great generals. In accordance with the terms of the treaty, Dunkirk was handed over to the English; and Lockhart was appointed its governor by Cromwell, who, in high good-humour, sent over his son-in-law, Lord Falconbridge, as ambassador to Louis. The French Court received Falconbridge with the highest honours; and Mazarin's nephew, Mancini, accompanied by the Duke of Crequi, was despatched to London on a mission, one object of which was to assure the Protector how greatly the Cardinal regretted that pressure of State affairs would not permit him to pay his respects in person to the greatest man in the world. That was towards the end of June, or early in July, 1658; on the third of September following—the anniversary of his crowning victories of Dunbar and Worcester—Cromwell's career on earth reached its close; and with the return of Charles to the throne of his fathers, Englishmen were to have an opportunity of contrasting the foreign policy of Protector and King—and not to the advantage of the latter.

The salient features of Cromwell's foreign relations with France and Spain I have endeavoured to place before you as clearly as I can. And now to consider whether those relations were conducive to the highest and best interests of England.

What must first excite our surprise and admiration is to note that, notwithstanding the internal dissensions by which this country had been torn for over ten years, its

navy was in such a high state of efficiency when Cromwell assumed the reins of office ; a proof, if one were needed, of the paramount importance to England of being supreme at sea during all time.

Himself a soldier alone, and not—as Blake, and Monk, to mention no others—a leader in either service, Cromwell showed no lack of statesmanship in recognising where the true strength of the nation lay ; witness his proud vaunt that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome were the Pope to insist on the persecution of the Protestants in northern Italy. When, therefore, this champion of the reformed faith, whose foreign policy was more influenced by religious conviction than by stress of opportunism, had to choose between two Catholic states, he was necessarily placed in a delicate position. But as we have seen, Spain would not concede anything to his demands for toleration ; whilst France, although ruled by a son of the Church, did undoubtedly make concessions of no mean order. To a man of the Protector's spirit, the might of this crown or that caused no fear ; and when one of his preachers bade him “go and prosper, as he would break the pride of the Spaniard, crush anti-Christ, and make way for the purity of the gospel over the whole world,” he doubtless decided on his course of action, although hiding it with the dissimulation even Mazarin could not equal.

But if we agree that under the circumstances he had no option but to ally himself with France on account of his religious prejudices, we have yet to consider was that act a wise one for English interests as a European power ? Spain was gradually being bereft of all her former glory ; and France bid fair to replace her as the leading state on the continent. Historians have argued that, had Cromwell understood the real interest of his country, “he would

have supported the declining condition of Spain against the dangerous ambition of France, and preserved that balance of power on which the greatness and security of England so depended." This is certainly a feasible argument; yet we must remember that the Protector's death so soon after his treaty with France put an end to what may have been a deep laid scheme. Will any one assert that, had Cromwell been spared another ten years, the government of Louis XIV would have dared to make this country its catspaw?

Is it not rather possible that once Spain was humiliated, the ever growing power of France would have become apparent to the Protector; that quarrels would soon arise between him and his late ally; that war would follow, in which Protestant Sweden would join with the English; and that France would never have gained the supremacy which the genius of Marlborough was to wrest from her in the years to come? These suggestions are, of course, speculative, and will, I trust, give an opportunity for discussion by members, whose knowledge of that soul-stirring epoch is far more comprehensive than my own. But, however we may or may not agree on the point, of this I rest assured; that all here to-night will look back with pride on the days when the name of Englishman was more respected in Europe than it has ever since been; and will ascribe that respect to the lofty aims of him who guided the foreign destinies of our country to such glorious issues.



HOW THE BISHOPS OF ROME BECAME TEMPORAL PRINCES.

BY JAMES BIRCHALL.

THE course of events which brought the States of the Church upon the historic map of Europe, and transformed the bishops of Rome into temporal princes, forms one of the most remarkable chapters in modern history. These events run through the greatest portion of the eighth century. Our knowledge of them is mainly derived from Papal sources; but there are Greek as well as Frank chronicles; while the Lombards, who took so large a share in the transactions, have left no records on their side.

The modern writers who have been my guides, are—Gibbon, always essential and ever fresh; Milman and Hallam; Essays, by Freeman and M. Henri Hubert, in the *English Historical Review*, and the *Revue Historique*; and lastly, Dr. Hodgkin's *History of Italy and Her Invaders*, a valuable and scholarly work, recently completed in eight volumes, and embodying labours and researches extending over a quarter of a century.

The union of temporal and spiritual sovereignty in one and the same personage was familiar to the Roman mind. Cæsar was Pontifex Maximus as well as Imperator, head of the state, and the High Priest of its religion; and when Christianity became the recognised faith of the empire, he abdicated none of his prerogatives. All ecclesiastical regulations, even to the determination of doctrine, the prescription of creeds, and the settlement of

religious controversies, required his sanction and authority to give them legal force—spiritual administration alone being reserved to a consecrated caste, which regarded all secular rank as beneath that of its meanest deacon. The assumption, therefore, of temporal with spiritual power by the bishop of Rome, when he became the virtual master of the city deserted by the Cæsars, was not without precedent, while it found a parallel in the Kaliphate of the Mohammedan empire. This temporal power was forced upon the Roman pontiff by the stern necessity of events.

When the Church was as yet unrecognised by the State—except as a society to be persecuted or treated with contemptuous toleration—the bishop of Rome could have no official or acknowledged position in the imperial city. But after its recognition he at once attained accredited and exalted rank. As the first Christian in the first city in the empire, he stood at the head of the emperor's religion; and as long as his imperial master resided in Rome, his influence exceeded that of any of his episcopal colleagues. An appeal to the emperor was virtually an appeal to him in ecclesiastical affairs; and he took his place by imperial sanction at the head of synods and councils. The removal of the seat of government to Constantinople, indeed, threatened to depose the Roman pontiff from this lofty position; and for a century it remained doubtful whether the patriarch of New Rome would not supersede the patriarch of Old Rome in the seat of ecclesiastical supremacy. But the occupant of the Apostolic See could boast of a title which no other bishop could claim, and the successor of St. Peter remained invulnerable in the dignity assigned to him by the Christian world.

This dignity assumed its temporal character when the

Goths overthrew imperial dominion in Italy. Neither the western emperors nor the new Gothic kings held their courts in the eternal city, and the bishop necessarily became the most conspicuous personage within it—unquestionably the greatest citizen therein, and the sole possessor of permanent power. He was clothed with all the attributes of supreme authority—a sacred and indefeasible title; mysterious powers, unlimited and undefined; the reverence of the people; and enormous wealth, which the boldest trembled to touch: while he had at command a host of ecclesiastics obedient to his call and devoted to his interests. And although he again fell beneath imperial yoke—with the restoration of Italy to the empire—the fresh dangers which gathered in the province, and the remoteness of the central authority, enhanced his position by thrusting upon him the burdens and responsibilities of the civil ruler, and compelling him to take prompt and independent action for the protection of his people. So acted Leo the Great (452), when Attila and his terrible Huns threatened to make havoc of Rome, as Alaric, the Goth, had done forty years before. With no display of power, except that which was manifest in his indomitable resolution, his loftiness of soul, and the exaltation of his office, Leo repaired to the barbaric camp on the banks of the Mincio, and subdued the fierce temper of the savage—a striking example of the pre-eminence of commanding intellect over mere brute force which has few parallels in history.

So, again, when the Lombards swooped down from the Alps and harried the rich and fertile plains of northern Italy, another pope, Gregory the Great, was the only functionary able to check their aggressions and secure peace. The imperial deputy, the Exarch of Ravenna, was wholly incapable of repelling the invasion, and his city

was saved by its lagoons, as Venice was by its islands. Rome, less defended by nature, escaped through the personal influence of its bishop, and the respect which the Lombards showed for his person and office. Not, however, without the payment of heavy ransoms, provided almost exclusively by the papal treasury. For even the imperial troops depended upon this fund for their pay; and it became inevitable that Gregory must either assume the government of the city, or leave it and the people to anarchy. The citizens, in short, looked to the bishop for everything; and the Lombard king disdained to acknowledge any other authority. Pope and Lombard were thus the only real powers in the centre and north of Italy: and the imperial viceroy at Ravenna, generally the minion of the Byzantine court, and always an alien in the eyes of the Italians, was of no account in the general course of affairs.

Religious dissension, which ultimately severed the Eastern and Western churches and estranged Italy, still further developed this commanding position of the Roman pontiff. Taking up the Monothelite controversy, the emperor Heraclius (639-648), issued edicts which aroused the hostility of the Roman church, and produced serious riots in the Italian cities, in one of which the imperial viceroy owed his life to the intervention of the Pope. A fiercer quarrel then burst forth, concerning the worship of images. In this conflict, it again happened that another occupant of the pontifical chair was singularly qualified to meet the difficulties which confronted him. This was Gregory the Second. Successive popes, during the thirty years preceding his election, had been pliant Orientals, Greeks, and Syrians; but Gregory was a Roman by birth and in tenacity of purpose – a zealous defender of the traditions of the church, with whom orthodoxy was of

higher concern than political allegiance. When Leo the Isaurian issued the first of his famous edicts, ordering the removal of all images from the churches (725), Gregory stoutly resisted it, and cautioned all his clergy against its observance. It was about this time that the successors of St. Peter so largely extended their spiritual dominion over the new nations and kingdoms in the west of Europe, and especially over the Franks and Saxons, through the missionary labours of Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. The Iconoclastic controversy, therefore, was prosecuted by two not unequal combatants; while there were in the East several redoubtable champions of orthodoxy, who strongly denounced what they regarded as a new heresy. It was, however, only in Italy that the conflict became involved with other issues not of a religious character.

The principal of these arose out of the imposition of a census, or capitation tax on land, coincident with the proclamation of the edict. The necessity for keeping the Saracens at bay, and warding them off his Asiatic frontiers, had imposed heavy burdens upon the emperor, who considered it not unreasonable to demand support from Italy, and particularly from the Church, the largest landowner in it. Gregory resented this encroachment upon St. Peter's patrimonies, and ordered his rectors throughout Italy and Sicily not to submit to it. His example stimulated vigorous resistance in Venetia and the Pentapolis; and the Exarch, Paul, who had been specially sent out to enforce the tax, met with his death in the tumults which broke out. It is difficult to determine, in the absence of trustworthy documents (which is unfortunately the case for this period) what share, active or passive, the pope took in these disturbances. That Gregory was suspected is clear, for the Exarch had been ordered to arrest him, and send him captive to Con-

stantinople, where deposition and banishment—the fate of one of his predecessors, Martin I—probably awaited him. This project, however, failed; but an imperial commissioner, with the title of Duke of Rome, was sent to take over the government of the city and counteract his influence. No act of positive disloyalty can be proved against this intrepid but wary pontiff, whose object in resisting the tax seems to have been to force the emperor to withdraw the obnoxious edict against images. When some of the more ardent Italian spirits proposed to set up in Constantinople an orthodox emperor, and dethrone the heretical Isaurian, Gregory checked the movement, and counselled moderation. As for separation from the empire, and declaring the independence of Italy, no one appears to have entertained such a notion so long as dread of the hated Lombards overpowered every other sentiment in the national mind. On the other hand, the claims to universal spiritual supremacy, which all pontiffs even then never failed to assert, began to awaken a desire for territorial sovereignty, and the higher ecclesiastics around the papal chair seem to have nurtured some scheme of autonomy in the city, of which their chief should be the head. The great obstacle in the way of such a bold political move was undoubtedly the presence of the Lombards who coveted Rome themselves as the centre of their future dominion within the three seas.

Ever since the time of Gregory the Great, who had converted them from Arian to Catholic Christianity, this race, in spite of the general execration in which they were held, had been on friendly terms with the popes, whose cause in the Iconoclastic quarrel they steadily supported. This did not deter them from extending their inroads upon the unsubdued districts of Italy, without regard even to the patrimonies of the Church; although,

now and then, they made amends for their sacrilege by donations to St. Peter. So long as Gregory the Second occupied the pontifical chair, this good feeling continued, because he adopted the policy of his great namesake in dealing with the Lombards. His successor, the third Gregory, of Syrian origin, was less conciliatory. He regarded the Lombards as dangerous to Church and Empire alike; and, in order to break up their power, the refractory dukes of Spoleto and Benevento were encouraged in their attempts to throw off the authority of the Lombard king.

The Iconoclastic quarrel, meanwhile, increased in bitterness. A Silentium, or great council, at Constantinople, had confirmed the odious decrees, to which another assembly at Rome replied by condemning its rival's proceedings. Gregory gave force to this decision by the issue of a general sentence of excommunication against the breakers of images. This sentence obviously included the imperial Iconoclast himself, who retaliated by increasing the tax which had been imposed, and by the confiscation of St. Peter's extensive patrimonies in Sicily, Calabria, and Naples, where imperial authority was undisputed. Leo further prohibited all communications between the Roman see and the churches in Illyricum within its eastern diocese; absolving them from spiritual allegiance, and intercepting the transmission of their dues to Rome. Shorn in revenue, and shut off from the empire, the pope now lay at the mercy of Liutprand, who, angered by Gregory's intrigues with his rebellious dukes, prepared to assault Rome, and establish himself therein as the sovereign lord of the whole peninsula. In this extremity Gregory appealed to the Franks for aid.

This conquering race was then under the virtual kingship of Karl the Hammer, Duke of Austrasia, and

mayor of the palace to the imbecile Merovingian kings. The power thus invoked was quite equal to that of the Empire, and two centuries before had pressed itself with cruel devastation on the northern plains of Italy. During this interval the Franks had been converted by the missionaries of Gregory the Great, and had now grown to be ardent and devoted Catholics, mainly through the zealous labours of Boniface and his English and Scottish companions. Karl the Hammer had only recently repelled the great Mohammedan invasion of Gaul by his memorable victory at Tours, and he stood before the world as the redoubtable champion of the Cross in the west. But, although Gregory appealed to him, so as to suggest the transfer of imperial authority in Rome to the Franks—the great duke declined to interfere, on the grounds that the Lombard king was his personal friend and relative, and had, moreover, rendered him valuable assistance in his battle with the Moslem.

The pope proposed that Karl should accept the office of Roman Consul, and thus become the rightful protector of the duchy and bishopric of Rome, and of the tomb of St. Peter. The nature of this dignity has been the subject of considerable discussion, seeing that the ancient consulate had at that time long ceased to exist. Some maintain that Gregory's offer referred to the old republican consulate or chief magistracy of Rome, which had become merged with the imperial dignity. If such was the papal intention, Gregory's act was treasonable, since it meant the withdrawal of his allegiance from the emperor. There was, however, another and ordinary kind of consulship conferred by the emperor as a mark of honour and office, which raised the recipient to the highest rank of Roman nobility. Hlodowig, first king of the Franks, had been so ennobled, and at this very time the title was borne by

the dukes or other local magistrates in Rome, Ravenna and Naples. We can hardly imagine that Gregory did not suggest the higher and imperial consulate, and this is what the Frank chroniclers say he did. But it must be noted that, in his letters to Karl, Gregory designates the dignity by the title of *Subregulus*, and refrains from the use of any words which formally and distinctly point to any intention on his part to secede from the Empire. There did exist a strong separatist party in Rome, and it is not inconceivable that the papal ambassadors, being in the confidence of the pope, were privately instructed to offer, orally, proposals which it would have been injudicious to commit to writing. Such a device had been adopted, probably sanctioned, in Gregory's negotiations with the Lombard king, during the crisis of the Iconoclastic struggle. It is, however, plain that in these proceedings the pope was drifting into independence, and that he was acting solely as the representative of the Roman duchy, without making any open pretensions to sovereignty. All his political actions show this. He concludes a defensive treaty, as against Liutprand, with the semi-independent dukes of Spoleum and Beneventum; he strengthens his military communications with the Exarchate by the purchase of fortresses; whatsoever towns he recovers from the Lombards, or defends against them, are for St. Peter, and are administered by his functionaries; the troops he maintains are the army of the Holy Republic, the *Sancta Respublica*, and not the army of the emperor—the interests and properties of the Church and the State are commingled one with the other, and the old title of the Empire, *Respublica Romana*, is transformed into the new titles of *Sancta Respublica*, and *Sancta Dei ecclesiæ Respublica*, the Holy Republic of the Church of God. Considering all this, there can be no doubt that the

consulship of Karl was intended to carry with it some shadow of the old republican dignity, which would invest him with direct authority over Rome and her bishops to the prejudice of the emperor. Karl's refusal left the pope and the Romans to settle their relations with the emperor and the Lombard king as they best could, and no overt attempt to throw off the yoke of Constantinople was repeated until the popes set up an empire of their own—the Holy Roman Empire—whose first potentate was Karl the Great, the grandson of Karl the Hammer.

In the year 741 three of the four chief actors in these memorable transactions died, namely: Pope Gregory, Karl the Hammer, and the Emperor Leo. Three years later they were followed by the fourth Liutprand king of the Lombards. The new pope, Zachary, and the new emperor, Constantine Copronymus, were disposed to calm down the Iconoclastic agitation, and modify the policy of their predecessors; while for a few years the Lombards remained comparatively quiet. Then arose a Lombard king, Aistulf, by name, who made himself more dangerous than any before him. Warlike and ambitious, he resolved to realise Liutprand's dream of a Lombard kingdom of Italy centred in Rome. He subjected the turbulent dukes of Spoleto and Benevento; seized Ravenna and the Exarch, and put an end to his office; and next prepared to crown these achievements with the capture of the city of the Cæsars (751). At this juncture, Pope Zachary died, and Stephen the Second, one of the ablest statesmen of his time, rose to the vacant see (March, 752).

The new pontiff found himself in a position entirely unique. With the disappearance of the Exarchate and its viceroy, he became the sole high functionary left in the province who could fitly represent the emperor. But

Stephen had views of his own, and if the alleged Donation of Constantine was drawn out at this time (as there is every probability that it was), we have, therein, abundant proof that nothing less than the establishment of their lordship over the Exarchate and Pentapolis, and every fragment of Imperial territory still left in Italy, would satisfy the successors of St. Peter, and the ecclesiastical hierarchy which looked up to them as their only lords. These high aspirations, however, still lacked bodily form or maturity of design; and the pope still considered himself the subject of the emperor, and posed as his representative. But that emperor now required all his resources for the defence of his dominions at home against the Saracens; he virtually abdicated his authority in Italy, and left the pope to breast the storm himself.

From this critical moment the long contention between pope and emperor about images ceases to have any further concern in the question under our consideration. But let it be remembered that it has completely alienated the western province from the Byzantine emperors. For the next twenty years the contest for mastership in Italy lies between Pope and Lombard, and it is the exposure of St. Peter's patrimonies to Lombard rapacity which really compels, and, in fact, justifies the pontiff in calling in the Franks to protect his rights—the "*Justitiæ beati Petri*." Stephen thought to put aside his difficulties by the purchase of a truce for forty years. Aistulf accepted the ransom, and broke his word in four months. At this point, the laggard emperor intervened, but not with an army. An imperial emissary, John the Silentiary,* arrived in Rome (June, 752), commissioned to demand the restitution of Ravenna and other Lombard conquests,

* An honorary title conferring the rank of senator without the duties.

and charged with orders to the Pope to support his action. Aistulf paid no heed to the demand, and the Silentiary returned to Constantinople (December), accompanied by papal delegates instructed to press upon the emperor the necessity of immediately despatching an army if Rome and Italy were to be rescued from "the sons of iniquity." But Constantine was still absorbed in the defence of his frontiers, and no army came, nor any reply to the papal message. Then Stephen, abandoning all hope of succour from the East, secretly appealed to Pippin, king of the Franks, who, being indebted to Pope Zachary for his coronation and royal dignity, was presumed to be willing to render the Church a service in return.

This appeal was made in March, 753, and it was coupled with a request that Stephen should be invited to visit the king. Many confidential communications passed between the two during the summer, with the result that, in September, certain Frankish lords appeared in Rome with instructions to escort the pope to their master. In the same month the Silentiary reappeared in Rome, and he and the pontiff, jointly commissioned, proceeded to Pavia, the Lombard capital, and repeated the former demands. They met with no better success (October), and Stephen then continued his journey with the Frankish lords, leaving the Silentiary at Pavia. On the Feast of the Epiphany (754), Pippin and his family met the pontiff at the villa of Ponthieu, in Champagne, and there made those promises and mutual exchanges which, in the months of March and April next ensuing, were proclaimed and ratified before the Frankish lords in council assembled at Braisne and Quierzy, near Soissons. A formal deed called *Donatio* was then drawn up, in which Pippin promised the pope "*justitiam beati Petri exigere*," and the restoration of

“cities and places,” without specifying any, or mentioning either the Exarchate or the Pentapolis.*

The pope now crowned and consecrated Pippin a second time, and during the ceremony bestowed upon him the title of *Patrician of the Romans*. This new dignity differed from that of *Consul* offered to Karl the Hammer, in that it involved no change of fealty on the part of the pope, and simply made the king of the Franks the representative of the emperor in Italy. But Stephen combined with the title the words, “*defensor ecclesiæ*,” which show that he had in his mind, not so much the protection of the empire, as the protection of the people, the church and the bishop of Rome—the new “*Respublica Romana*,” the “*Sancta Dei ecclesiæ Respublica*.” This is confirmed by the events which presently followed. For Pippin did not long delay the translation of his words into actions. In two years after the council of Quierzy, he had wrested from Aistulf all his conquests, and placed the pope in sovereign possession of the greater part of the Exarchate and the Pentapolis, as the head of the Holy Republic of the Church of God.

We are without any direct evidence of what was thought of these momentous transactions in the Byzantine court. But when their significance became manifest to the emperor, he protested against the subversion of his authority, and demanded the restitution of his lands and cities. All the answer he got from the new Patrician was, that they had been bestowed upon St. Peter and the Holy Church, and could not be alienated therefrom. For a while nothing appeared to be changed by this transfer of territorial jurisdiction to the pope. The authority of the

* The list of cities is only to be found in the *Liber Pontificalis*, recently edited by the Abbé Duchesne. The document known as Pippin's *Donation* has disappeared.

emperor was not formally thrown off, and his sovereignty continued to be acknowledged in various empty forms; official documents still ran in his name, and were dated by the years of his reign. Following its traditional policy, the Byzantine government tacitly accepted the Frank Patrician, and maintained friendly relations with him, in the hope that some day he might restore the lost dominion to its former sovereign.

Pippin's notions of his new dignity were probably vague. He never exercised any authority by it in Italy, and never used the title in his public acts. Nor was any change apparent in the pope's position beyond what was manifest by the formal submission of the cities surrendered to his commissioner, and the solemn placing of the keys of their gates, together with a copy of Pippin's *Donation*, on the tomb of St. Peter. The pontiff bore no title indicative of his temporal sovereignty, and in the eyes of his people he continued to be as hitherto, their intercessor, the defender of their faith, and their protector against the Lombards, whom Pippin had left defeated but not subdued. The Holy See, in short, had been gradually acquiring rights of its own ("*Justitæ beati Petri*") by the services which the pontiffs had rendered to the Italians since the days of Leo and Gregory; every phase in the history of the See had been marked by an extension of its authority into the civil domain in Central Italy, and Pippin's donation of territorial rule simply denoted another stage in the long conflict for emancipation from heretical emperors and the hateful lordship of Lombards. More than forty troublous years were yet to pass before the final goal would be reached, and Lombard and Byzantine domination extinguished for ever in Italy.

One remarkable change must be fixed in our minds before we proceed further. The "*Respublica Romana*"

now ceased to represent the Empire, and in the new expression, *Holy Republic of the Church of God*, we see a foreshadowing of the new empire that was to be, the mysterious Holy Roman Empire of the Middle Ages, in which pope and emperor claimed to be the joint lords of the Christian world in the west.

The Duchy of Rome finds no place in Pippin's *Donation*, because the great extent of St. Peter's patrimonies therein virtually made the pope its master. This duchy arose through the feebleness of a remote central government and the decomposition of the Italian province during the Lombard wars. It was ostensibly ruled by an imperial officer, originally appointed by the emperor, and afterwards elected by the bishop and the citizens. But the duke soon fell into a subordinate position, and became little else than deputy governor in the absence of the pope, since the latter, through his cabinet of secretaries, treasurers, notaries, and other officials of the Roman chancery, exercised most of the civil and judicial powers in the affairs of the duchy.

Two adversaries, the emperor and the Roman aristocracy, stood constantly in the presence of this papal authority within the duchy.

In order to understand the action of the first of these forces hostile to the aggrandisement of the papacy, we must return to the year 753, when Stephen summoned the Franks to his aid. In that year a council was held in Constantinople, and a fresh Iconoclastic crusade was threatened. The members of this council displayed the most abject servility to the emperor (Constantine Copronymus), bending to his absolute authority in spiritual concerns, flattering him in fulsome and almost blasphemous language, and urging him to act with rigour against the worshippers of images. At that moment,

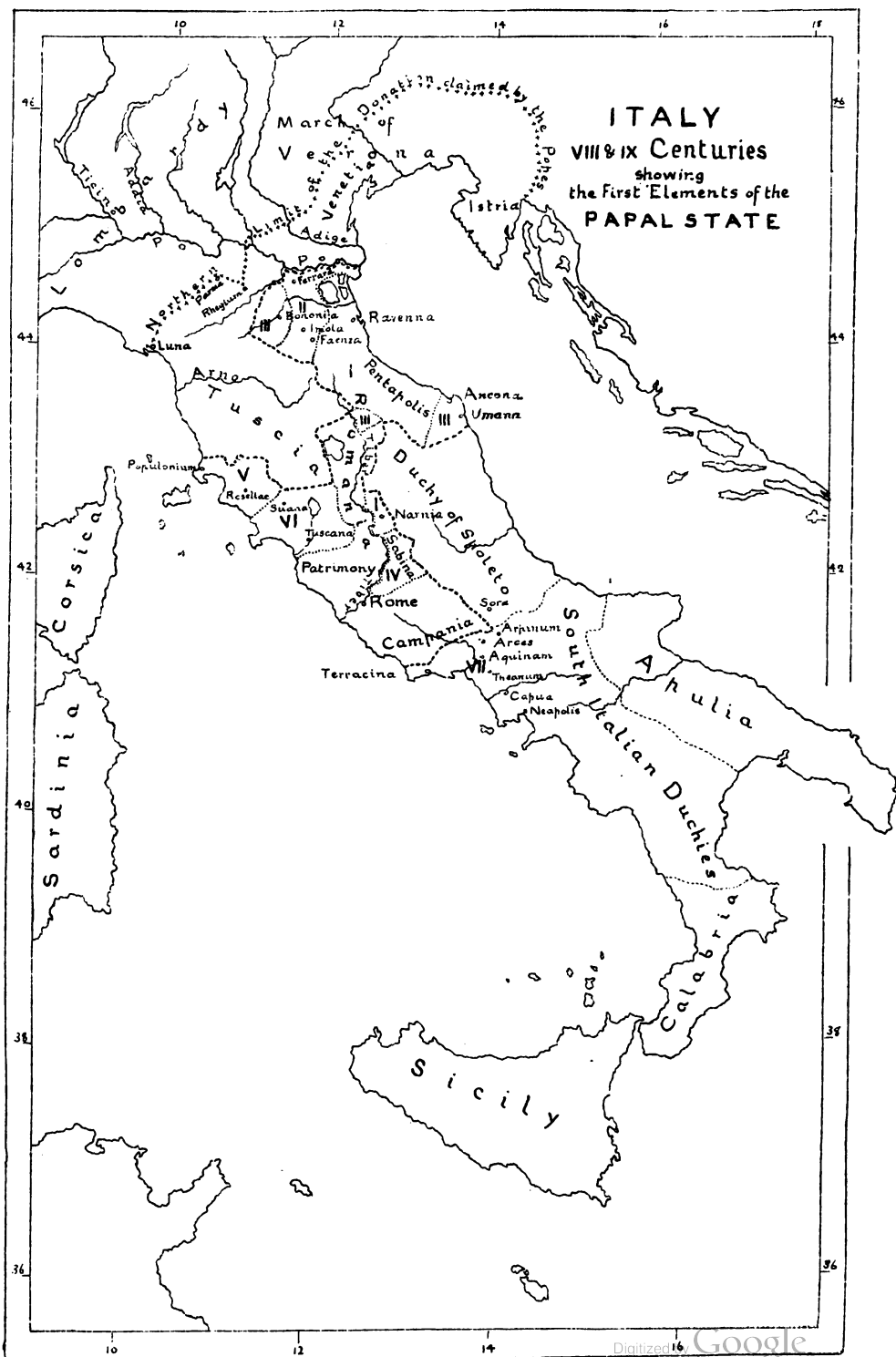
when the Lombards were in possession of Ravenna, the Exarch a captive in their hands, and the seizure of Rome imminent, it would have been dangerous to revive religious rancour, and bring about a renewal of the earlier revolts. The imperial government accordingly resigned itself to the situation; treated the Pope with respect, and tolerated his alleged idolatry. But Stephen could not banish his fears. The spectacle of the bishops and dignitaries of the Eastern Church in solemn council assembled, slavishly yielding to the secular power in matters spiritual, was abhorrent to the successor of St. Peter, and the day might come when he and the Roman Church would in like manner be humbled. For this reason alone, without regard to others equally as weighty, Stephen determined upon an alliance with the orthodox Franks, who would shield him from his Iconoclastic masters, as well as from the Lombards. In this light the alliance with Pippin was a defensive one, and the treaty actually concluded with a promise on the king's part, to safeguard the Pope against all who should attempt to disturb him in the enjoyment of his Donation. The imperial government saw when it was too late the mistake which had been committed, and efforts were made to rectify it. A political party was formed with the object of urging concessions to the orthodox, and in the general council of Nicæa, held thirty years afterwards (787), images were ordered to be restored. But Karl the Great had then come upon the scene, and the rupture with the empire was past healing.

In the Roman aristocracy the Pope was exposed to more troublesome, because they were more active foes. There still existed in Rome, as in other Italian cities, some relics of the old municipal government, in which the nobility filled the highest military, civil, and ecclesiastical offices, and directed the administration of the city with the

prefect at their head. The senate met only in times of emergency, or for the discussion of important affairs before their submission to the general assembly of the citizens. Over all these, as already intimated, the papal cabinet, consisting of the great administrators of the church lands, held a preponderating influence. The nobility constantly resented this, and they watched with jealousy the ever increasing assumptions of civil power by the pontiff, although they were helpless without him. They were a turbulent class; arrogantly boasting of their descent from the old patricians, whereas they were a mixed race of foreign and native blood; and broken up into factions, papal and anti-papal, Lombard, Imperial, and Frank. Plots and conspiracies, even against the life of the Pope, were not uncommon, and fierce revolts broke out at papal elections. At one of these, that of Stephen III (768), the new Pope was raised to the chair by the aid of the Lombards, under some promise or expectation that the city would be surrendered to them in return. But this did not come about; Stephen went over to the Franks, and his successor, Hadrian the First (772), followed his example. The Lombard king (Desiderius) then revenged himself by an invasion of the new papal territory. This brought on the intervention of Karl the Great, now king of the Franks and Patrician of the Romans (773). He overthrew the Lombard king, confirmed the Pope in the possession of Pippin's *Donation*, and added to it portions of the Duchy of Spoletum, which joined the Exarchate with the Duchy of Rome and made them one continuous territory. Yet Karl left Italy unsettled like his father, and at the end of two years was compelled to return and finish his conquest. He now abolished the Lombard kingdom, and incorporated the whole of Italy in his dominion with the exception of the Duchy of Beneventum, and the imperial

provinces of Calabria and Apulia in the two southern promontories. Further donations were made to St. Peter; and the apostolic territory assumed that general form and extent which existed in our own day when the States of the Church were absorbed into the present kingdom of Italy under the House of Savoy. But the territory suffered many fluctuations during the first few centuries of its existence through the contentions of popes and emperors, and no attempts were made to fix its limits, or the respective jurisdictions of the two lords of the Holy Roman Empire, until the time of Frederick I (Barbarossa) in the latter half of the twelfth century.

In the papal version of Karl's *Donation*, as given by Hadrian's biographer, the area of the territory is vaguely described in these words—"From Luna, with the Isle of Corsica, thence to Surianum, thence to Mt. Bardo, that is to Vercetum, thence to Parma, thence to Rhegium, thence to Mantua and Mons Silicis, together with the whole Exarchate of Ravenna, as it was of old, and the provinces of Venetia and Istria, together with the Duchy of Spoletum, and that of Beneventum." This version hands over to the Pope about two-thirds of Italy, and does not differ materially from that given in another document, the famous *Fragment*, published by Fantuzzi in his *Monumenta Ravennati*. This relic was discovered in the Venetian Republican Archives during the eighteenth century. It professes to be a letter addressed by Pippin to some Pope Gregory coming after Stephen, informing him of his promise to that pontiff, and that the Emperor Leo had sanctioned both Pippin's Donation and Pippin's Patriciate. These are misstatements. No Pope Gregory came in between Stephen and Hadrian; Leo, the Isaurian, died sixteen years before the Donation was made, and the next Emperor Leo succeeded nineteen years after. There are



also other anachronisms and inaccuracies, so that, although Fantuzzi accepted its authenticity, the *Fragment* is now regarded as a counterfeit, and of no historical value. Another still more remarkable document, the *Donation of Constantine*, which gives to the popes the free and perpetual sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the provinces of the West, lost its credit centuries ago.

Putting aside these fictions, we find that the true Ecclesiastical State reached from Ferrara, in the north, to Terracina, in the south—a distance in a straight line of about 220 miles. It included the Exarchate of Ravenna, and the Pentapolis granted by Pippin, with Narnia also;* Bologna, Ancona, and other cities and their environs, surrendered by Desiderius, the last Lombard king;† the Sabine Patrimony recovered from the Lombards by Karl the Great;‡ towns and territory in Tuscany, also the gift of the Patrician,§ together with Capua and other Campanian towns lying on the south-east borders of the Roman duchy.||

Within and without these dominions, which the popes only ruled, they owned and possessed the extensive domains known as the *Patrimonies of St. Peter*—lands and cities in Corsica, Sardinia and Sicily, in Calabria and Naples, and in every part of Italy, sometimes forming petty provinces, as in Campania and the Roman duchy, containing in the aggregate about 1,800 square miles, and yielding an annual revenue of not less than £300,000.

But if the Pope was now one of the most powerful of Italian princes, and if he was quit of all risk of interference from Constantinople, his position as a temporal prince was exceedingly precarious; and without the protection of the mighty Patrician, he would have been lost. Hadrian's

* Marked I on Map. † II and III on Map. ‡ IV on Map.

§ V, VI on Map. || VII on Map.

letters to his patron, contained in the *Codex Carolinus*, are full of endless complaints against every one almost for thwarting his new authority, and setting him at nought. His subjects were as refractory, and the Roman nobility as turbulent as ever; his city was torn by internal feuds, and he had no army at command to enforce obedience. Moreover, he had found a fresh and very troublesome adversary in the Archbishop of Ravenna, who showed no disposition to accept the new order of things, and submit himself to the political authority of the Roman Bishop. The relations between the two prelates had rarely been satisfactory in past years. Ravenna had seen something of imperial pomp and splendour for two centuries as the residence of emperors and exarchs; and at one time, its archbishop and citizens might have indulged in the hope of overshadowing even Rome itself, when the once mighty capital of the world, half desolated and worried by barbarians, languished for three centuries under the neglect of her absentee emperors. The Roman pontiff therefore possessed a very uncertain hold over the Exarchate; both prelate and people resented his authority; and in about two hundred years from this time, this portion of Pippin's and Karl's Donation passed to the archbishop.

Such being the temper of his nominal subjects, Leo the Third, the successor of Hadrian, sought to strengthen his position by a closer and more enduring bond with his patron and Patrician. With this aim, immediately after his enthronement, he sent the Roman banner to Karl, with the keys of the city and the keys of the shrine of St. Peter; and at the same time instructed his envoys to make, on his behalf, an oath of fealty to the king, as his sovereign temporal lord. This remarkable step was taken without any consultation with the senate, the army, or the citizens of Rome; and the exasperated nobility, instigated

by Leo's two nephews, conspired to get rid of him. He was accused of serious crimes, was assaulted in the public street during a solemn procession, and barbarously maltreated; an attempt being made to put out his eyes, so as to disqualify him for office. He fortunately managed to escape ultimately to Paderborn, where Karl was warring against the Saxons (799). Next year the royal Patrician entered Rome, declared Leo, after trial, to be innocent of the charges laid against him, and on Christmas Day, 800, was solemnly crowned by the Pontiff and acclaimed by the assembled citizens, "Karl Augustus, Emperor of the Romans."

So ended, with the last year of this eventful eighth century, the long conflict between Emperor, Pope, and Lombard, in which the first almost disappeared from Italy, and the third became a mere geographical name; while the second entered upon that chequered career of secular power which was destined to bring so much trouble and confusion upon the Holy Republic of the Church of God.

EDWARD GIBBON.

BY THE REV. W. E. SIMS.

It was the fashion in the century that has come to an end to speak in terms of almost contemptuous disparagement of the century of Gibbon. The recollection of that period was apparently preserved merely as a foil to heighten by contrast the charms of a more attractive age. We were assured by a chorus of voices that we had emerged, as it were, from a period characterised by Philistine dulness, a "gravity," as Schopenhauer would say, "akin to that of animals" into one sparkling with intellectual animation and ennobled by moral virtues. Then, our English existence was that of the chrysalis—torpid, inert, buried for the most part in worthless bran—while now we rejoice in the splendour and brilliancy of a life of continuous activity, sunning our wings in the pleasant summer air.

It is an agreeable fortune to be born in the best of all possible centuries, and we do well to rejoice in our privileges, our railroads and steamboats, our gas and electricity, our cabs and cars, and all the thousand and one resources of modern life, and yet it is only the very superior person who can afford to wave aside with a gesture of supercilious contempt, as a dead and profitless epoch, the century of Gibbon. If, indeed, it be dead, some of the mummies deserve examination.

When Gibbon, a delicate child, flitting from school to school "at the expense of many tears and some blood purchased the knowledge of the Latin syntax," Alexander Pope was lying on his deathbed; Dean Swift,

with darkened mind, followed twelve months after, and one year later Sir Robert Walpole, statesman and scholar, disappeared from the scene of his manifold activities. George Frederick Handel was then at the zenith of his powers, "oratorio following oratorio like huge rocks thrown forth from a crater;" Hogarth, the Charles Dickens of English art, was painting his "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane;" Gainsborough, newly married, was making a livelihood out of portraits at Ipswich; Joshua Reynolds was studying the old masters in Italy; the "little printer," Richardson, was turning ink to a new account, writing *Clarissa Harlowe*; and the boisterous Fielding was completing *Tom Jones*; Goldsmith, unknown as yet to fame, had just taken his degree at Dublin; and the burly Samuel Johnson was deep in the labour of his dictionary; Edmund Burke, silent for the present, was keeping term at the Middle Temple; the fastidious Gray at last had put the finishing touches to his "Elegy;" Cowper was idling away his time in the uncongenial atmosphere of a lawyer's office, with Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor, sitting on the next stool; Laurence Sterne was a prebendary of York, and, innocent as yet of *Tristram Shandy*, David Hume had sent his *Essays* to the press; Adam Smith was lecturing on Logic at Glasgow; and Blackstone, a briefless barrister, was looking out for clients.

Contemporary with Gibbon, in addition to these, were scores of others whom the world will not willingly let die. They will bear comparison without loss of dignity with the ablest men of the present age, and should be sufficient to save the eighteenth century from the shallow criticism that would damn its efforts with faint praise and sum up its results in an epigram.

Great advances have been made within living memory in the physical sciences and the useful arts, but even in

this field, peculiarly our own, the dead century was not undistinguished. It saw the honoured old age of Isaac Newton, prince of physical philosophers, and it gave birth to Richard Arkwright, James Watt, Wedgwood the potter, Herschell and William Hunter, Abernethy and Dr. Jenner.

In political science, the present age boasts many famous names, but none greater than the elder and the younger Pitt, Charles James Fox, the witty Sheridan, and that young man we saw eating his dinners in the Middle Temple, the "English Demosthenes," Edmund Burke.

The period to which we belong is proud of its achievements in literature and art, but the century of Gibbon lagged not far behind. Our age has not surpassed in song its Robert Burns, in biography its Boswell, in one department of art its Flaxman. Scholarship is necessarily relative and always progressive, yet the names of Bentley, Porson and Parr are not likely to be soon forgotten. Thespian genius is sadly mortal, yet the memory of Garrick and Kemble lingers still.

And can an Englishman forget that to century Eighteen belongs the brave and lasting fame of Anson and Cook, of Rodney and St. Vincent, of Clive and Abercombie; that the century of Gibbon gave us Horatio Viscount Nelson and Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Perhaps the supreme distinction of the present age is the impetus that has been given to social and religious progress, the enthusiasm that has been evoked for the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind, but even here, in what is considered the most barren region of the eighteenth century, bright oases relieve the monotony of its sandy plains. Have we forgotten the philanthropy of John Howard, the devotion of William Carey, the humble greatness of Robert Raikes? Is nothing due to the

memory even of Paley? of Bishop Berkeley? of the latter-day apologist for Christianity, Joseph Butler? Linger no echoes yet of the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley? Has all gone silent? Alas, poor century, so dull, dreary, dry, dead, like the valley of bones that was seen by the prophet, or is it perhaps our memory that is at fault, and our judgment gone astray?

The subject of our paper was essentially the product of that vanished age. Its greatness and its limitations are alike reflected in his life and writings. Like most men, he was the creature of his time. Like some great men, he was its representative. Like a few of the very greatest, he was its ornament.

The lives of men of letters are usually calm and uneventful, devoid of exciting incident, and free from external perturbations. Of them it is unquestionably true that "their strength is to sit still," and this axiom was strikingly exemplified in the life of Gibbon. A glance at his face and figure would be sufficient evidence for an ordinary jury that his days were passed in the library and not in the tented field.

But the lives of literary men, although deficient in movement, are not uninteresting to believers in a wise passivity. Thought precedes action, or has done since the elementary activities of the Stone Age, and we are governed consciously or unconsciously by ideas. Even in these strenuous days more money would probably be given for an ample biography of Shakespeare, if it could be had, than for a life of that prince of tourists, the "Wandering Jew."

There is no lack of materials for the story of Gibbon's life. He has left behind him a charmingly ingenuous and apparently veracious autobiography from which almost all can be gathered that a reasonable curiosity can require,

and there is an admirable brief life of him by the late Mr. Cotter Morison. Other materials also exist in a form accessible to the public, and much more will probably be available when all the papers, diaries, and journals in Lord Sheffield's possession are allowed to see the light.

Edward Gibbon was born at Putney, in a house near the bridge, on 27th April (8th May, *n.s.*), 1737. His family was a good one, in the conventional sense of that adjective, but need not detain us. He was the eldest of seven children, all the others died in infancy, and it is almost a miracle that he escaped their untimely fate: up to the age of fourteen he was a miserably delicate boy, and owed his preservation to the devoted solicitude of a maiden aunt, Miss Catherine Porter. "If there are any," he says, "as I trust there are some who rejoice that I live, to that dear and excellent woman they must hold themselves indebted."

His education was very imperfect owing to the state of his health, but he was an omnivorous reader, and if, as Carlyle says. "the true university of these days is a library of books," perhaps he suffered less than might be supposed from the defects of his early training. At an age when few boys have read anything more serious than their school prizes, Gibbon had practically covered the field of his future labours. He had read all the Greek and Latin historians in translations, and extending his survey wider afield, remarks that he "was led from one book to another till (he) had ranged round the circle of Oriental history."

At the early age of fifteen, when his health began to improve, he was taken to Oxford, and entered at Magdalen College as a gentleman commoner—wise guidance he had none. Left to his own devices he could use, misuse, or abuse his opportunities, and employ or squander his

time at discretion, or the want of it. After fourteen months' idleness he astounded his father by becoming a Romanist—"an Oxford Movement" not anticipated by his parent. Those were the days of Catholic disabilities, and the step he had taken excluded Gibbon from the University. In later life he resentfully expressed his opinion of the value of his career at Magdalen. "To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation, and she will as readily renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life." No doubt to an economist of time like Gibbon, a period marked chiefly by the acquisition of theological formulæ, subsequently abandoned, must have seemed entirely sacrificed to the illusory.

Gibbon's religious enthusiasm cost him his degree, but it was short-lived. He was sent by his father to the home of a Swiss Calvinistic minister, at Lausanne, to be reconverted. That worthy acted on the principle of a maxim of Moses, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain," and the continual dropping, assisted by Gibbon's personal reflections, wore away the stone of his theological obduracy. After eighteen months sojourn with his Protestant instructor, he abandoned Roman Catholicism, and returned to the religion of his forefathers.

At Lausanne, besides recovering his lost faith, or losing his newly acquired one, he laid the foundations of his enormous erudition. He formed plans of systematic study conceived on a colossal scale, as many do—and carried them out with determined perseverance—as most of us do not.

When he arrived there he could hardly speak a sentence in French, when he left five years later, he could hardly write one in English. He read steadily through

the whole, or nearly the whole of the Latin authors, and with less interest, no inconsiderable part of the literature of Greece. in addition to a host of miscellaneous works ; devouring great and small, good and bad, with the appetite of a literary Vitellius. He also studied mathematics, but with less fervour, to please his father, and congratulates himself that he relinquished this pursuit "before (his) mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstration so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence."

But although he lived among mountains, he never ascended one, regarding them apparently rather as objects for contemplation than incentives to muscular exertion. And when he enjoyed a month's relaxation, travelling in Switzerland, although he made many observations on the manners and customs of men, he wrote hardly a sentence about the sights and sounds of nature ; he confesses that "small indeed was (his) proficiency in the arts of fencing and dancing," and "the horse, the favourite of my countrymen, never contributed to the pleasures of my youth."

But however much Gibbon may have differed from other men in the excess of his intellectual application and the defectiveness of his physical training, he exhibited at Lausanne that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." He fell in love, he became a victim to the charms of a certain Mademoiselle Curchod, her "personal attractions," he says, "were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable." So far all was well. He "indulged his dream of felicity" but the course of true love runs no more smoothly for historians than for less learned swains. His father "would not hear of this strange alliance," "without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded

to my fate: I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son, my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquility and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided in friendship and esteem."

All's well that ends well, and, perhaps, but for this decline and fall of Gibbon from the exalted heights of romantic love, we should never have had that other *Decline and Fall* upon which his fame rests.

When Gibbon returned home, war was raging between England and France, and a national militia was formed to resist any attempt at invasion. With genuine patriotism Gibbon accepted a commission as captain in the newly-raised force, and for two years and a half was condemned to "a wandering life of military servitude," there were marchings and countermarchings, and much camping out in the open. Study was absolutely impossible. He records in his journal that at one time for "seven or eight months" he "hardly took a book in his hand." The fatigues of a bloodless but trying campaign were hardly compensated by dinners and drinking parties and the conversation of his brother officers at mess. Yet amid the turmoil of his unwonted military activities, Gibbon nourished projects of writing a great historical work when the "piping times of peace" should enable him to relinquish the service of Mars. Many schemes were taken up and laid down as unsuitable. He had the usual difficulty in finding a suitable subject, and at present the matter was obliged to rest. At length came the welcome order for the militia to be disbanded, and Gibbon recovered liberty and leisure. He writes in his diary "I am glad that the militia has been, and glad that it is no more." It was not altogether a wasted time, he had acquired the "rudiments of the language and

science" of tactics, and when he came to describe in after years the campaigns of Roman generals, he found, to quote his own phrase, that "the Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." Thus

There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

At the conclusion of this military interlude in Gibbon's career, he travelled abroad, visited Paris, and spent a year at Lausanne studying Italian antiquities, in preparation for his visit to Rome. At length he reached the Eternal City with which his name is imperishably connected.

"After a sleepless night I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell, was at once present to my eye, and several days of intoxication were lost or enjoyed before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation." "It was at Rome," he says, on the 15th of October, 1764, "as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing Vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind."

There are few scenes in the history of literature more quietly impressive than might have been observed that October day when the first inception of his mighty work came into Gibbon's mind—like a seed let fall by a bird of the air—as he sat musing amid the ruins of that ancient world he loved so well. It reminds us of that other scene in the history of human achievement, when, in the calm seclusion of an orchard, a greater man than Gibbon watched an apple fall, and received inspiration that revealed to him the secrets of the starry worlds.

When Gibbon came home he resided with his father

until the latter died. He had always been an affectionate and dutiful son. We remember how, in earlier life, he had subordinated romance and love to prudence and duty when he "sighed as a lover, but obeyed as a son," and found in the self-complacency of a nature devoid of passion—if not the delirium of joy—the consolation of peace. So, now, referring to his father's death, he writes characteristically in his journal: "I submitted to the order of nature; and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety."

These five years at home, with the two following years during which he was winding up the affairs of his father's estate, were the most unprofitable in his life. The family fortunes had been declining, and he was oppressed with fears of approaching poverty with which he felt unable to cope. "I began to apprehend that in my old age I might be left without the fruits of either industry or inheritance." The position of a scholar of Gibbon's antecedents under such circumstances is well described by Mr. Cotter Morison. "He is conscious of labour and protracted effort which the prosperous professional man and tradesman who pass him on the road to wealth with a smile of scornful pity have never known. He has forsaken comparatively all for knowledge; and the busy world meets him with a blank stare, and surmises, shrewdly, that he is but an idler with an odd taste for wasting his time over books."

"I lamented," says Gibbon, "that at the proper age I had not embraced the lucrative pursuits of the law or of trade, the chances of Civil Office or India adventure, or even the fat "slumbers of the church."

The last sentence reminds us that it was at some time during these seven years of famine that Gibbon's views underwent a change of which we believe no record has been preserved. Spirituality had never been conspicuous

in his character. His conversion to Romanism, and rapid reclamation from the errors of Popery, illustrate the logical bent of a mind capable of controversy, but are not to be mistaken for the strivings of a soul seeking peace. When orthodox, he was coldly acquiescent in the truths of religion; when he ceased to believe, he became coldly sceptical. From frozen formality to frigid denial the step was a short one—and Gibbon made it without comment. There was no shipwreck of faith, he merely silently reversed the engines, and proceeded another way. He had lived much abroad among Calvinists, Romanists and Free-thinkers, the popular philosophy of the day was sceptical. He loved, and practically lived, moved, and had his being in that old Pagan world that melted away as the teaching of Christianity prospered. “I believed,” he says, “and I still believe, that the propagation of the gospel and the triumph of the church are inseparably connected with the decline of the Roman monarchy.”

There is just a tinge of resentment in his statement. It has the tone of an elderly member of a Conservative Club, mourning over the solvent action of democratic ideas upon a valuable but misunderstood constitution. And we remember how his meditations in the Colliseum were disturbed by the chanting of the friars in the Temple of Jupiter, an unwelcome intrusion of the new order among the ruins of the old. During these seven years of growing pecuniary anxiety and slow religious evolution or devolution, Gibbon studied incessantly, planned several literary undertakings, mainly abortive, and wrote a great deal of matter that brought little fame and less profit. We need not linger over these for the most part vanished labours. During the whole time his great design was steadily maturing. “I began gradually to advance from the wish to the hope, from the hope to the design, from the design

to the execution of my historical work of whose limits and extent I had yet a very inadequate notion."

Gibbon was now thirty-five years of age, and having extricated himself from pecuniary entanglement, had settled down in London, where he lived surrounded by books, and within easy distance of his friends. He had never been so happy in his life. Rural felicity offered no attractions to him. "I never handled a gun, I seldom mounted a horse." The joys of Arcadia only appeal to a certain class of minds. No doubt the instincts of civilization are purely artificial, but they undoubtedly diminish in many that love for nature unadorned which our forefathers in the stone age doubtless possessed. Their degenerate and unworthy descendants incline rather to Dr. Johnson's opinion, that if you have "seen one green field you have seen all green fields," and prefer taking a "walk down Fleet Street."

Four years more passed away before Gibbon published, in February, 1776, the first volume of his masterpiece. He was a fastidious writer, and wrote nothing "in haste, to repent at leisure." "Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect."

Genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, just as its opposite might be described as an infinite capacity for inflicting them.

Moreover the work expanded under his hand. His original idea had been to write a history of the decline and fall of the city of Rome; this design was achieved when, in 1781, he published the third volume, but he went on to describe the downfall of the Empire, a labour involving three volumes more, and six years of strenuous effort. Then he wiped his pen, and the greatest monument of learning in the English language was complete.—"On the

day, or rather the night of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

It would be a miracle of condensation to sum up in a few sentences the merits and defects of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*. Mr. Cotter Morison has done this for us in a couple of chapters precious to every student of Gibbon, and his estimate, as Mr. Frederic Harrison once remarked in the *Nineteenth Century*, is "so just, so mature, so sympathetic, so enthusiastic, that it would be in vain to add to it."

A glance is all we can give. The *Decline and Fall* is the swan-song of a dying world. It portrays the lingering agonies of a perishing civilization, and the phoenix-like birth of a new. Its canvas stretches across continents, and the units of its measurement are centuries. We must mix our metaphors, and mingle our similes to aid imagination in grasping an object so vast. Like the numerical calculations of astronomers, it oppresses the mind; like the pyramids of Egypt, it stands unique in supremacy, a symbol of human power. As with

Jerusalem, if we would apprehend it we must "go round about it, and mark well its bulwarks." Again, like Jerusalem, it is "built as a city that is compact together," or at unity in itself. This is the quality that differentiates it from many a marvel of painstaking research. *They* are perhaps accumulations of materials aggregated in the roomy storehouses of capacious minds, and poured out in thousands of pages of encyclopædic information. Gibbon's work was "compact together," "a unity in itself," a work of art. Whole literatures were mastered or ransacked in the course of its preparation, and whole libraries were fused in the crucible of its author's mind to form the gigantic product; but the production itself is homogeneous, it bears no trace of its heterogeneous origin, and the smell of fire has not passed upon it.

The reader sits as a spectator, while before him rolls a gorgeous panorama of thirteen centuries of human life. There is nothing misty or obscure in the ever-changing scene. The firm touch of a master hand has given its exact value to every one of its myriad shifting incidents. It is pre-Raphaelite in its minute accuracy. Emperors and kings, warriors and sages, saints and philosophers, each in his appropriate garb, enact their varied parts and pass from the scene. The beholder sees that

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

"Kingdoms rise and wane." He observes that "our little systems have their day, they have their day, and cease to be." He feels acutely the "vanity of human wishes." He learns to value at their true worth "the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them." He is led insensibly on to the final catastrophe, when the finger on the wall had written the final judgment of God on that old Roman

world: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Such a pageant cannot be seen elsewhere. The stage, a world. The actors, mankind. The subject, the collapse of an entire civilization. The acts, separate centuries of bloody struggle. The scenes, campaigns and the sack of cities. No other warrior could wield the battle axe of Cœur-de-lion, and no other historian could wield the brush of Gibbon. No other writer, except perhaps Adam Smith, had so large a canvas to cover, but Smith drew diagrams, Gibbon painted men.

The style in which Gibbon wrote has been often criticised, but it was adapted to his subject. There is the ring of metal in his sonorous sentences. There is a majesty in his flowing periods befitting his theme. He escapes the cumbrous elephantine movement of a Samuel Johnson and the almost breathless brevity of Macaulay. He is clear as glass and bright as steel. "Not Voltaire himself," says his biographer, "is more perspicuous than Gibbon."

To say that he had faults of style and faults of judgment is simply to affirm that he was a human being. On the same day, probably, that we first learned from our Latin grammar that Balbus, an industrious character of antiquity, was "building a wall," we gathered from the same learned source the additional information that "to err is human." Of course Gibbon made mistakes, but they were very few in number.

The great fault of Gibbon lies far deeper—deeper than his language, deeper than his logic—right down in the inner nature of the man. "Out of the heart proceed murders, fornication, adulteries." For, alas! he never saw that life was divine; never saw that human history is a volume in the greater Bible of God's revelation to

man. He marked the actors "fume and fret," but never saw behind the scenes. He watched the Pagan empire as it crumbled into dust, but never knew the secret of its deep decline and fall. He gazed with jealous eyes upon the triumph of the Church, but never learned the source of its progressing power. He gives, it is true, five causes in explanation of the phenomenon of Christianity, zeal inherited from Jewish ancestors, and the like, but never grasped the simple fact that the *only* cause of Christianity is to be sought in the personality of its Founder.

This fatal flaw in Gibbon is the bar sinister that runs athwart his history, and, compared with it, a few inaccuracies in details, and some redundancies of style, are but as dust in the balance.

We left Gibbon comfortably settled in his new London home. He presently became a public man, sat in the House of Commons as member for Liskeard, and, although he fell short even of the remarkable attainment of "Single Speech Hamilton," since he never uttered a word from his place in Parliament, his "sincere and silent vote" was rewarded by an appointment as Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, at a salary of £700 a year. What the Lord Commissioner did for this emolument has not transpired.

When the first volume of his work was published it brought him immediate fame. "My book," he says, "was on every table, and almost on every toilette, the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day." He became that remarkable creature, a literary lion, the sweet savour of flattery rose to his nostrils untainted by the noisome stench of adverse criticism, and he was encouraged to persevere. The second and third volumes came out in due course, and were warmly welcomed by

the reading public, a more discriminating body of persons perhaps then than now.

After three years' tenure of the office, Gibbon ceased to be a Lord Commissioner, and found it necessary to retrench. He retired to Lausanne, where he shared a house with the bachelor friend of his youth, Deyverdun, and wrote at leisure the three concluding volumes of the *Decline and Fall*.

The emotion he felt at the conclusion of his stupendous task we have seen, and his misgiving that "the life of the historian must be short and precarious" was premonitory. Few and evil were the remaining days of the years of his pilgrimage.

He came to England with the MS. of his last volume, and on his return to Lausanne soon lost the companion of his early and latter years, the faithful Deyverdun. His aunt, Miss Porter, had preceded his friend by twelve-months in the passage to the grave. Then gout assailed him, and complicated the evils of unwieldy corpulency and a disease he had neglected for many years. The lurid glare of the French revolution shone in the sky, and the historian was in daily terror lest the conflagration should spread to Switzerland and disturb him in his retreat. Then the most attached of his foreign friends, M. de Severy, died, and to crown his misfortunes, Lady Sheffield, the wife of his life-long friend Holroyd, passed away.

He made a swift resolution to return to England and console his mourning friend. The journey to a man of Gibbon's physique was difficult, but he hurried on. He spent the summer with Lord Sheffield, and paid a brief visit to his stepmother at Bath, and then his travels ceased. Dropsy set in, and he retired to his lodgings in St. James's Street to die.

He had no conception that his end was so near. There

is a mournful irony in the circumstance that a day before his death he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or even twenty years. Twenty hours afterwards he had passed away.

The judgment of posterity upon Gibbon has been all but unanimous. "No historian," says Frederic Harrison, "has ever combined all Gibbon's supreme gifts. The *Decline and Fall* is the most perfect book that English prose (outside its fiction) possesses, meaning by *book* a work perfect in design, *totus, teres atque rotundus*, symmetrical, complete, final, and executed from beginning to end with the same mastery on one uniform plan." "There is hardly a parallel case in literature," says Morison, "of the great powers of a whole life being so concentrated in one supreme and magnificent effort." "That wonderful man," says Freeman, "monopolised the historical genius and the historical learning of a whole generation." "Whatever else is read, Gibbon must be read too." One might multiply such testimonies *ad infinitum*.

The man himself we can see very plainly in the incomplete autobiography he left behind him and the side glances of his contemporaries. A man all too portly, in his later years enormously corpulent, with a mouth, inelegantly described as "like a round hole exactly in the centre of his face." A shy, retiring personality, not glib of speech, silent in Parliament, and far from loquacious elsewhere. Most of his thinking done with a pen in his hand, and finding expression in written rather than spoken words. Courtly in manner to the verge of stiffness, not nimble in repartee, requiring time for the elaboration of the sentences in which he clothed his thought. A cool-headed man of clear, if limited, vision; open-eyed to the externals, but blind to some of the deeper things of life.

Not sensual, but loving comfort, his books around him, and a pipe of Madeira—excellent Madeira—in the cellar; his snuff-box, too, not to be forgotten. If genius is truly described as an infinite capacity for taking pains, he certainly justified the definition, but he was not superior to a game at cards. He could unbend gracefully, tap his snuff-box, take a pinch, and be thoroughly human and at leisure, the Cæsars and their barbarian foes for the while at rest.

Lofty enthusiasms and heroic self-sacrifices, the *mens divini*or, the faith of martyrs and the rapture of saints we must seek in spirits of a grander mould, but he could endure much for a friend. He was true to the hearts that beat in unison with his own. His solitary love episode subsided into friendship, it lacked the hues of romance, but that friendship endured to the end. Those who knew him best loved him most, and there were some, as he hoped, “who rejoiced that he lived,” and some who wept when he died. His sceptical attitude towards Revelation, and the ironical style in which he treated spiritual persons and spiritual things, aroused a host of adversaries, indignant with the worldling who laid, as they thought, unhallowed hands upon the ark of God; but enemies he had none. There was nothing to hate in Gibbon, his life was the pure serene life of a scholar concentrated upon a mighty task and oblivious of all besides. He might well have been nobler, but at least he was never base. His fifty-seven years were lived without a stain. His genius compels our admiration. His virtues deserve our respect. His shortcomings are known to the Judge who is just.

“THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL.”

(SIR EDWIN ARNOLD).

By REV. E. N. HOARE, M.A.

[This Paper was put together merely as an introduction to the poem. The greater part of the quotations are necessarily omitted.]

To recall the puzzled speculations of childhood may help us towards a conception of what the world must have been to the ancients, and even to our own immediate ancestors. How consciously did we then “move about in worlds not realised”! We stood in the centre of a tiny circle circumscribed by the illimitable and the unknown. The eyes strained in yearning beyond the bounds that were set to our uncertain feet; imagination clung fast where childish fingers could maintain no grip. But the circumference held us in and repelled us everywhere. It may have been the grim forest of smoky chimneys; it may have been the jagged outline of the mountain clear cut athwart the evening sky; it may have been the desolate expanse of patient moorland stretching its dolorous flatness till in very pity for such loneliness the heaven dipped down to meet it; it may have been the sea itself that mocked while yet it solaced us, rippling over our sand-encrusted adventurous toes: but the limitation was always there, and beyond was mystery!

Indeed, some of us do not need to travel back so very far on the path that, the poet assures us, “grey heads abhor.” For those of us who were at school in the fifties the world still held some mysteries. How well I recall that old school atlas—tattered, begrimed with tear-stains and

ink-stains, hideous with preposterous caricatures, scored through the thick paper with frantic pencillings such as might prompt the memory in an agonized moment to distinguish between "principal seaports," and "rivers" and "mountain-chains"! And from out the terrible series how soothing and bland did the map of Africa peer forth. It afforded so much scope for the imagination, and so little that the cane-sceptred pedagogue could lay hold upon. There was an honest definite outline to which clung certain bold patches of colour on which the boy that ran could not fail to read correctly—Egypt, Abyssinia, Cape Colony, the Gold Coast, Algiers. Lake Tchad was there, I think, but for the rest there was a uniform and soothing expanse of sand-coloured paint, into which the fanciful course of two or three broad-mouthed rivers drifted vaguely away. Bold and black, the equator scored his way across the expanse. School-boys in those days used to have a great belief in the equator, and I often wondered what he could tell us about that No Man's Land. One didn't think so much of the dotted paths that belonged in some mystical manner to the Crab and the Goat.

But during these last years the veil of mystery has been rent in twain, or say rather that—as in some grand spectacular show—a succession of veils has been slowly drawn up. And this has been done so gradually, so naturally, so much before our very eyes, that a hurrying, non-reflective generation has taken but little heed of what has happened, and has not yet stayed to ponder what may be its significance in the evolution of humanity. But just think of it. Our fathers read Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia* and judged the book to be in great measure a collection of fairy tales. Then, as through a veil, we beheld the heroic figure of the lonely missionary looming forth from dark

tropic forests, only to slip out of sight again for years. We picture him watching the great northern sweep of the Congo, and imagining that at last he had struck the secret of the Nile. Then we hear the rustle and the bustle of up-to-date exploration; we behold the out-stretched hand, and we are thrilled, perhaps, by the melodramatic salutation—“Dr. Livingstone, I presume.” Soon another veil begins to rise, and we read of Burton, Speke, and Grant, and too-little honoured Cameron, and brave Emin Pasha, struggling against his “rescuer” and going back, when opportunity offered, to resume his work till his bones should be laid in an unnamed but not an unhonoured grave. And then the last veil of sentiment is sharply rung up, and the most successful of all the explorer tribe—Sir H. M. Stanley—proclaims that the “dark continent” is dark no longer. The decree goes forth, “There shall be no more night!”

And since then it may be that we have had too much light. The as yet unexhausted “resources of civilisation” have produced a somewhat lurid glow wherewith to repel the blackness. We know something—though probably far from the whole—of what “modern progress” means on the Belgian Congo; while within the last few days we have read of a dramatic reproduction, with “realistic effects,” of the way in which ten thousand men were slain at Omdurman; and of the devastation and the agony that the Southern Cross shines down upon to-day there is no need to speak. It is a shuddering horror in all men’s hearts.

But to-night we would close our eyes to these things, and just as life-tried, weary men find passing solace in reverting to the dreams of childhood, so may we be allowed, in a quiet hour, to drift back to the days when the world was young, when the Mediterranean Sea was its centre, and all that lay beyond its shores was mystery.

This is what Sir Edwin Arnold in his latest poem would aid us to do; and that he does so most winsomely and effectively I hope to show to-night.

The Voyage of Ithobal was suggested by a curious statement of Herodotus which the author gives in a translation by way of preface. It is to the effect that Necco, King of Egypt, sent an expedition from the Red Sea which, circumnavigating Africa, returned through the Straits of Gibraltar. It is the imagined story of this expedition that its leader, Ithobal, the Tyrian sea-captain, is supposed to tell before Pharaoh on his return from his perilous and epoch-making voyage. The narrative is divided into seven portions, each portion forming the narration of one day. In the opening lines the hero introduces himself and tell the story of his early training. He describes how as a mere boy he had become familiar with the Mediterranean.

So did I win, ere I was man, as far
As where the Western gateway of that sea
Opens by Calpe and the seven-topped mount
Into what no man knoweth of—a waste
Of waves as vast as time and dark as death,
Wherein the sun himself did die each night
Plunging, 'twas said, with seethe of dripping gold
Into the blue.

Subsequently he is shipwrecked, and returns to Tyre a ruined man, save for one huge pearl that he carried in his belt.

Then he describes the omen through which he was introduced to the lady who is the heroine of the poem (but of whom the matter-of-fact Herodotus says nothing).

In the market a beautiful girl is being exposed for sale. After a spirited competition he buys her, giving as payment his goodly pearl. She says she had long since

seen him in her dreams, and she is therefore eager to unite her lot with his.

A happy time follows. Nesta fires him with reminiscences of her far-off home; and the man is ripe for any adventure just as the opportunity is offered. He hears the proclamation of Necco read, in which volunteers for the proposed expedition are called for. Ithobal accepts the invitation, and starts for Egypt, accompanied by Nesta.

The Second Day is chiefly occupied with the building of the ships and the voyage down the Red Sea.

Three ships we planned to build, biremes, to bulk
Large for our stores and sailors; not too large
To take the shore at need and deftly pass
Inside the reef by narrow channel ways
When seas were angry.

The vessels were named the *Silver Dove*, the *Ram*, and the *Black Whale*. The admiral hoisted his flag in the *Silver Dove*, which was considerably larger than the others. The ships are constructed with the utmost care.

These did we fashion as a man doth frame
That which life hangs on and the ends of life.

At length they are finished and launched. Then the voyage down the sea of Suph, which is the Red Sea, commences.

Followed brave days; the North wind filled our sails.
The green sea glittered under Ataka.
Then deepening changed to blue and sparkled bright
In spume and long-laced breaker where reef-edge
Breasted its roll.

After a varied and not unpleasant voyage, the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb are reached, and they make the port that we call Aden.

In the tenth month we sailed out of that sea;
 There the great ocean opened; West and South
 The unknown world which Pharaoh now is thine
 By lordly primal right. East and to North
 I myself wotted of a port secure,
 To which bare calcined hills gave entrance good.
 Shamsan they name the mountain, and the town,
 Which in a cup of burnt-out fire-mount sleeps,
 Attance.

Here they rest awhile, and here ends the story of the Second Day.

The Third Day opens with a spirited description of a perilous voyage across the gulf of Aden. Now, for the first time, the explorers are out of sight of land.

For my purpose held
 To trust the deep and to be done with land,
 Till on the gulf's far coast, if coast there be
 As the sea people think, we touch a cape
 East of the mainland, if mainland there hap.

After experience of storm, mutiny, and drought, Cape Guardafui is reached. Thence the course is ever towards the South. Occasional landings are made, the natives are trafficked with, and the marvels of tropical fauna and flora are described. Here is a picture of a forest through which a chosen party pass in search of the rich gamelands that the natives told them lay beyond. [Read pp. 73-4.]

The voyagers are now upon the equator, and Ithobal describes with awe the changed appearance of the nightly sky; the new stars that gleamed into their sight; the rising of the Southern Cross by which they steered when the North Star went down.

Rumour of the mighty equatorial lakes now reaches the travellers.

. Vast seas
 Shut in the hills, where one might row and row
 Eight days and nights and not reach nether shore.

At Malindi Ithobal has a wondrous vision. To this I shall return later on.

On the Fifth Day some of the most stirring incidents of the exploration are recorded. Still pushing South, they arrive at the mouth of the Zambesi.

Nesta now finds herself among her own people. She is identified by the tribe-mark tattooed on her arm, and is received with honour and acclamation. Her brother is the reigning monarch, and the land is a land of gold.

Ithobal, in whom was incarnate the great soul of an Outlander *concessionnaire*, makes good use of his opportunity.

Wherefore, great Lord! because this thing is much,
And maketh wealth of the world and pleaseth kings,
And doth befit ev'n Pharaoh, it's behoved
To guard the prize for thee.

The natives didn't think much of the soft yellow metal; it was useless for weapons, and even for purposes of ornament was not as durable as iron. So Ithobal does good trade. He fills

The *Black Whale's* hold with that rich ballasting
From keel to floor,

and sends her back to Egypt.

Then, though our hero sought "no territories and no gold-fields," he takes elaborate steps to secure the position already won. The nucleus of a colony is left behind.

Thirty men
Among the Tyrians, skilfullest to build,
Stoutest to fight, best helps at every need,
Joyous in dangers, eager for high deeds
I chose from out my rowers.

These are to take native wives, to till "sufficient earth for food," to dig for gold, and to construct an impregnable

fortress. Also, being pious men, they must have a church, nay, even a cathedral.

Beneath, on lower slope,
 Wise Hiram drew for me a House of Gods—
 Isthbar's and Bel's; was to be built to lodge
 The Lords of Heaven most nobly; all of stone,
 Heedfully shaped like Babylonian bricks,
 Faultlessly squared.

These things being thus set in train, the voyage is resumed in two ships, and with a diminished force.

The subject of the Sixth Day's discourse is well summarised in the quaint verse, the like to which is found at the heading of each "Day."

Ithobal, reaching the world's end,
 A spacious harbour doth befriend;
 Southward no more, but Northward now
 Turneth his storm-tossed vessel's prow.

Five hundred leagues remained to be traversed, and the leader confesses that at times his heart misgave him.

. Twice or thrice,
 Lone on the poop, I beat my breast and cried:
 We come too far!

But the noble Nesta cheers and encourages him through all. Then at last the goal is reached.

We see the unending coast
 Break to the right, far, far away
 Ahead, no land at all.

But the Cape of Storms was true to its name, and the ships are nearly wrecked before they make the shelter of Table Bay. [Read description, pp. 147-8.]

After a rest the voyage northward is commenced. In due time the Congo is reached. The explorers are duly impressed by the mighty river:

Not thy Nile
 Hath nobler gateway, Pharaoh, to the deep!

We need not linger over the journeyings recorded on the Seventh Day. Once again the ships are out of sight of land when making a short cut across the Bight of Biafra, from Cape Lopez to Lagos. Dahomy is passed, and Ashantee, Cape Palmas, the "Mount of Lions," Sierra Leone, and then Cape Verde :

Here came thy ships westermost, mighty Pharaoh, of their road
Nothing lay west of us except a main
Known only to the sun, which dippeth here under the world.

The course is now ever more and more to the East of North, and the solution of Lybia's secret is imminent. The supreme hour is at hand, and its arrival is described with sufficient dignity. [Read pp. 175-6.]

All is plain sailing now.

No need to tell thee how we came
By coasts familiar, and by well-tried paths,
Quit of our quest.

It has been my object to give you some account of Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem, not to criticise it. I confess to having read it with some disappointment. Gorgeously sensuous as are many of the descriptions, there is a lack of human passion, and of sustained elevation of thought. Many of the incidents introduced to break the monotony of the action are hackneyed and trivial; while we miss the lyric cry that sobs and moans and thrills through *The Light of Asia*.

There is this to be said, however, that we feel that we are dealing with realities. We delight ourselves with the simple wonderment of Ithobal and Nesta, just as we delight ourselves in recalling the joys and sorrows, the delusions and the dreams of childhood: in the background of our consciousness we have the knowledge of what has happened since.

Thus the note of prophecy is with us throughout. I have already quoted the beautiful passage in which Nesta would interpret the roaring of the lions. [p. 159.] But to my mind its pathos is dulled by the punning reference to the name of H. M. Stanley. Somehow that typical nineteenth century outcome of newspaper enterprise does not lend itself to epic or heroic treatment.

A broader, brighter, more stimulating upland of poetic prevision is reached in the Vision of Ithobal, which I have purposely left for our final consideration. Ithobal has a dream in the cave at Melinda :

In my sleep I saw
A queen of stately stature, dark of hue :
Dark, but most comely : Oh ! a form and face
Exceeding beautiful ; the black curled hair,
Clustered on shining brow and velvet nape
In such wise that no diadem was lacked
To grace its jetty glory.

Nevertheless the woman is crowned with a golden crown, and ornaments of gold and precious stones are heaped as it were upon her. But she is a prisoner—a prisoner loaded with chains of gold !

In the vision, ages seem to pass. Ithobal beholds himself, and after him other explorers :

Then at the last
Strange mariners I saw sail from the west.
Their chief, of noble bearing, bearded, fierce,
With galleys four came downward on my track,
And round the dreadful Cape, and put to north,
Where I had southward rowed, and southward sailed.

He, too, looks on the queen, but still she is in bonds. Then the vision shifts through years :

White faces came
More and more frequent.

At last the queen is delivered, and ere the dreamer wakes,
he beholds her :

Upon a throne
Carved out of tusks and gold, with jewels decked,
Draped in her own royal robes: the sweet proud eyes
Gleaming with joy and grace of fresh life found.

Nesta acts as interpreter of the vision :

She whom thou didst behold chained and alone,
Sore suffering, shut away from love and hope ;
She was my Africa, my darkened land,
My hid, forgotten land ; whose child I am,
Whose lover ; and for whose sake I have lived
To be thy mate and guide. Her days begin !
Ithobal's ships, much daring, shall break through
The sea bars blue, immense, that hemmed her in ;
And there shall come to her adventurers
Seeking her gold,
And with gold-seekers shall go merchantmen,
And tramp of many caravans ; and trade
Which, pushed with blood, shall end in peace and wealth.

The "Iberian leader" is identified for us with Vasco
Da Gamma, though the great discoverer's name was
unknown to Nesta.

Then, as in a trance, she concludes the prophetic
interpretation thus :

This is a high deed which Thou doest Lord !
Mother of many deeds ! Past thee and him
And those who follow, and the acts to be,
And the long patience of the waiting gods,
I see my land with sister continents,
Sisterly seated—her dark sons I see
From wars and slave-yokes freed. These sunlit shores
Happy with traffic, while a thousand ships
Sail on the waves first clove by Ithobal.

Is there to be a realisation of Ithobal's vision ? And
shall the dark queen yet sit upon her throne of ivory and
gold ?

There are those who say it shall be!—that they know the nation—it may be the very men—through whom the great emancipation shall be wrought out; and they believe that the hour is at hand.

There are those, too, who cannot share these cheering anticipations, who have no belief in Nesta's remedy :—

Trade

Which, pushed with blood, shall end in peace and wealth.

Well, at all events, we are successful sailors, and accomplished cartographers. Ithobal's Lybia has been circumnavigated a thousand times; but the great Island-continent is still a land of violence and cruel habitations. The "grave of reputations" may yet be the grave of contending empires. Ages and thrones and dominations have passed away since the Tyrian sailors essayed their great adventure, steering their frail barques by the gleam of familiar or unknown stars; and to-day, as then, "Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa." Still do we await the voice that may at some supreme moment vindicate

The long patience of the waiting gods.

THE CYNICS.

By JOHN MacCUNN, M.A., LL.D.

"OTHER dogs," once said Diogenes, punning upon the designation of his School, "bite their enemies: I bite my friends for their salvation"; and it may be confidently affirmed that he and his friends were admirably fitted for the friendly office. Gifted with impressive intellectual force, with unbounded capacity of contempt, and with a pungent humour, they did not know how to spare either men or institutions. The retort of Diogenes to his fellow citizens of Sinope is typical. He was told that they had condemned him to banishment. "And I," was the rejoinder, "condemn them—to live in Sinope." The attitude of Diogenes to the men of Sinope was the attitude of the Cynic school to society at large. Like most ascetic systems it had its roots, in part at least, in revolt against the world. Nothing pleased them. With a trenchant dichotomy that reminds one of Carlyle, they divided mankind into the handful of wise men and innumerable fools. "Of what am I guilty," once exclaimed Antisthenes, "that I should be praised?" And the words came well from one to whom popularity was but "the babble of madmen." Even the most cherished ideas of the Athenian served only to point corrosive retort. Was it civic patriotism? "Why should I be proud of belonging to the soil of Attica with the worms and the slugs." Was it the warlike spirit—that spirit that Plato, even in his idealised Greek state, weds so closely to philosophy? "Let a man apply him-

self to philosophy till he has come to regard the leaders of armies as the drivers of asses." Was it popular election (and the Athenians, it will be remembered, were so democratic that they elected even their generals)? "They might as well nominate their asses to be horses." So all along the line. Political institutions, property, the family, luxury in all modes, culture at least in many aspects—all serve but as targets for Cynic projectiles. Even the Athenian attachment to ceremonial religion—so singularly tenacious despite all the free thought of the Sophistic era—finds short shrift in the blunt declaration that a temple is no holier than any other place.

It might seem that views like these have at any rate the merit of being unambiguous. And it would not do to accuse the Cynics of saying anything they did not think, or of thinking anything they did not say. Yet for this very reason there is possibility of misconception. This in two directions. For (1) we must not take these Cynic utterances too solemnly. The Cynics were philosophers; but they were also satirists and humourists. Like all the masters of vituperation, they had a zest in the commination service. And this being so, it would betray a lack of humour to read all these flings, flouts, sneers, sarcasms, as if they were meant for philosophic formulae. Once, it appears, Diogenes was shewn some ingenious kind of dial; "Not a bad contrivance," was the rejoinder, "to avoid missing one's meals." We may take this seriously if we like. But it may be safer to put it alongside of Antisthenes' asseveration (wrung from him possibly in some moment of exasperation with dilettantism) that "a wise man will not learn to read so as not to be troubled by trifles." One must beware of the pedantic literalism of the men who cannot laugh.

(2) There is, however, a second possible misinterpre-

tation. The Cynics, it must be already evident, were men of extreme opinions and unbridled speech. That element of "measure," "proportion," "symmetry," so dear to the Greeks, to them was wanting. And as they had the virtue of living up to their doctrines, it was equally wanting in their eccentric and sometimes indecent lives. Hence the temptation to dismiss Cynicism as a travesty of philosophy, and the Cynics as no better (if one may borrow the phrase) than spiritual clowns.

For two reasons any such misinterpretation would be grossly unjust. (a) One is that the Cynic revolt against society was far from unprovoked. In our gratitude for what Greece has done for us (and what has it not done for us?), we must not forget that even the Greece of Pericles had its blots. It was devastated by constant wars, and it could be ruthless in its manner of waging them. It was split up into little municipal states which hated each other with a perfect hatred, as Athens hated Thebes or Sparta, or as Thebes hated Athens. It was built upon slavery—the horrible slavery of the mines as well as the milder bondage of the household; and it grew into slavery rather than out of it. Beautiful in so much, even as its own Parthenon, Greek civilisation could as little assimilate this servile substratum as could the Parthenon transmute into frieze and columns the native rock of the Acropolis. And then these little States were torn by those intestine rivalries, and cursed by those unscrupulous ambitions which led to the political inferno described in lurid pages by Thucydides. Add to this the perennial vices that may only too surely be reckoned upon where wealth has grown, and luxury increased, and command of leisure and facilities for culture borne their usual harvest of diletantism. Who will say that such a society did not need its censors and satirists? There was a word of advice once

given by Diogenes. It may be commended to all those, whether individuals or nations, who wince under the lash of their critics: "Associate with your enemies: they will be the first to tell you of your faults." (b) The second point—the second consideration which forbids us to take Cynicism too lightly—is that, despite all its extravagances it rested on a principle. Disgust with social life was part of it. But it was not the main part, nor would it ever have been so bitter had it not found inspiration elsewhere in the life, and in the doctrine, of Socrates.

It sometimes happens that a great man, though himself far enough from being sectarian, becomes the founder of sects. He cannot help it. He is so great that his followers, being lesser men, and quite unable to see around him, come to mistake the part for the whole, to fashion their god in their own imperfect image, and to subside each of them upon his own favourite fragment of the master's example and teaching. This, at least, was what happened to Socrates. None of the world's great thinkers has ever gathered into discipleship men of such varied types; and never did philosopher trouble himself less than did this philosophic genius to keep all his utterances formally consistent, or to hand on to successors the doubtful legacy of a dogmatic system. The result followed. When he passed away, it was Plato alone who reproduced him in his splendid many-sidedness. For the rest, the varied aspects of truth that had found unity in the Socratic personality fell asunder into fragments, which were portioned out among followers who, as usual, all claimed the true apostolic succession, and all repudiated every succession but their own. Hence arose those schools so fitly called the incomplete Socratics; and among them, arrogant in their incompleteness, the Cynics.

When Antisthenes, the founder of the school, first made the acquaintance of Socrates, he could hardly have appeared a promising disciple. He was already middle-aged, "too old to learn." He was himself already a teacher of philosophy; and who does not know that for a man to have disciples is by no means the surest way to become a disciple himself? Yet Antisthenes was not deterred. We see him, cross-grained and cantankerous though he seems to have been, tramping his five miles from the Peiraeus to meet with Socrates in the Agora, and to learn from his lips the open secrets of a deeper philosophy. And then there was so much in Socrates that came half-way to meet his admiration. For Socrates was anything but the typical Greek. He was rugged and plain. His dress was coarse. His manner of life was frugal. He was an admirable campaigner. Hunger and thirst, cold winds and scorching suns, could make no impression on that iron frame. He often went barefoot. And though he could enjoy himself in due season—witness *The Symposium* of Plato—he could also be abstemious to asceticism. Nor was he fastidious in his company. Rich men and poor came much alike to him. And as for his talk, it was not at all of the kind that the Greeks, or most of us since, have been accustomed to hear from philosophers. For it seemed to deal little with the high themes of the schools, with the cosmologies of the early philosophers, or with the abstract science of some of his contemporaries. Has not Zeller even called him "philistine"? In truth, there were men who, when they met him, were shocked to find to what an extent his conversation ran upon smiths, tailors, tanners, saddlers, and such like. And though in this homely talk, in these analogies, thrice-vulgar to Greek ears, there lay in germ nothing less than the idealism of Plato, this did not appear

upon the surface. There were remarks, too, which must have found in Antisthenes a receptive soil. "To need nothing is divine, to need as little as one can is all but divine." It was sayings like this that Antisthenes carried with him to bear their fruit in due season in Cynic life and doctrine. There were, of course, other sides to Socrates—urbanity, zest in the gaiety of life, humorous toleration for human weakness, reverence for the laws of the land, a profound religious spirit. But Antisthenes cared for none of these things. Enough for him that he had found a pattern of austerity, conviction, and rationality.

Yet it was not the character only of Socrates that wrought upon the Cynics. It was also his doctrine.

Socrates was not merely a moral philosopher. Like Plato and Aristotle after him, he was also, and even more, a moral reformer. For his lot was cast in an age of transition. The unsuspecting confidence of the morality of tradition was passing. Not all the forces of reaction, with Aristophanes to head them, could bring it back. Athens had turned that earlier page. The swift brilliant expansion of national greatness that followed the Persian war had brought new problems; and a widened horizon had opened Athenian eyes to the diversity and variability of moral standards. Not least, there was at work the searching solvent of those great thinkers of the Attic illumination—the Sophists. In their hands a rhetorical sensationalism was raising doubts as to the possibility of knowledge of an objective moral order; and a rhetorical egoism in ethics rapidly preparing the way for an identification of right with might, of law with force, of obligation with fear, of justice with a perishable and changing thing of human institution. Can it be wondered at if there were those who feared that before this the very props of

moral and political obligation were going, and that an urgent practical need called for a supreme effort of reconstruction. Among these were the great constructive thinkers of Greece.

Two courses lay open. The one was to recognise the organic dependence of morality upon social conditions; and in the light of that, to attack the vast problem of reconstructing society upon a more rational basis. This was the way of Plato and Aristotle. But it was not the way of Socrates. In the eyes of Socrates—as in the eyes of Mill and Carlyle—the one vital reform was the reform of *individual men*. And the needful specific was of the simplest. It was what has now become the good old way of hoisting scepticism with its own petard, of meeting the critical and sceptical reason by appeal to reason that was critical and not sceptical. This was the way of Socrates. In season, and sometimes out of season, he insisted that morality stood or fell simply with the possibility of bringing men to think, or (to be more precise) of bringing them to clear, well-defined, and sound ideas of what their duties were. As all the world knows, he taught that virtue is knowledge. And though an exact interpretation of the formula is far from easy, the dictum meant (and this is what concerns us) that, if the moral life is to be set upon a sure basis, it must be through the enlightening of the will—the will which, to Socrates, as to the Stoics, to Spinoza, to Kant, meant the reason of the individual.

It was here the Cynics laid hold. One may not say they reproduced their master. It is evident that reason in their eyes had not the same function as in his. There was less of knowledge, less emphasis on definitions. There was more of simple strength of rational personal conviction. But on one point there was entire agreement, on the vital point that, in things moral, it is the spirit that

profiteth, or, as Antisthenes has it, that "men are rich and poor not in their establishments but in their souls." No philosopher of either the ancient or the modern world, not even Kant, has so insisted that in comparison with the good will all else is as dross.

It was in fact just this which led them to leave their master far behind. In identifying virtue with the enlightened or rational will, Socrates had made virtue inward. But he had never meant that, therefore, virtue was not outward. On the contrary, he had frankly accepted the life of Athens as he found it. He had done his duty as a citizen on the field and in the dicastery. He had submitted himself to the laws, even when they adjudged him to die. And in giving his life to the mission of personally influencing individuals, he had taken it for granted that the men he dealt with were, like himself, living the ordinary civic life of the average Athenian. Not so the Cynics. Seizing upon the truth that virtue is, in its essence, inward (a state of will or reason), they went on to infer that, therefore, it must not be outward; and in that uncompromising spirit declared that there is no true moral life for man till he has cut himself loose from every tie, every resource, every institution which social life has to offer.

They had a certain justification. "He who hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune." Extend the trite aphorism and we have Cynicism in a nutshell. Not wife and children alone, but friends, wealth, reputation, public position, institutions, all things on which men have set their hearts—are they not all "hostages to fortune"? For all ordinary life is at best precarious. It is precarious even by reason of its outward resources, which, whatever security they may bring, do, as a matter of fact, in proportion as they widen the range of

interests, offer thereby a larger target to the slings and arrows of misfortune, and stake our happiness upon eventualities beyond our own control. There is but one effectual security. Care for none of these things. Give never a hostage to fortune. Minimise wants even to the vanishing point. Be independent (*αὐταρκής*).

Rally the good
In the depths of thyself.

Such is the message of the Cynics. All external goods were in their eyes obstructions, all social interests distractions, all dependence, whether on men or on things, an imperilment, a sacrifice of the soul's self-sufficingness. Like the Stoics when they asserted their freedom in the last abnegation of suicide; like the Christian anchorites when they sought for their own souls in the desert; like the monks when they strove for spirituality of life in the austerities of the cloister; like the begging-friars who raised mendicancy into an article of their faith, so did these Cynics turn their backs upon all the world had to offer, in the conviction that this was the path to moral victory. "He taught me," said Diogenes, of Antisthenes, "what was mine and not mine. Property was not mine. Kith and kin, acquaintances, friends, fame, intimate associates, places of abode, occupation—all these he taught were no concern of mine. What then was thine? The exercise of my own thoughts. This I might possess unhindered."

This result is even more apparent if we glance from the Cynic doctrine to the Cynic life. The typical figure is of course Diogenes. When he came to Athens, it appears he had a slave who ran away. The owner's consolation was peculiar: "If Manes can do without Diogenes, so, surely, can Diogenes without Manes." This was the keynote of all his long life. It is all a progressive discovery of how

many things he can do without, a prolonged process of self-denudation. It went on till his death, which was characteristic. His friends found him one morning lying on the stones of one of those porticoes which were his usual sleeping place. They thought him asleep. But he had in truth at last achieved the final minimisation of wants.

We can now perhaps understand how the two aspects of Cynicism stand related. There was the revolt against society; there was the conviction inspired by Socrates that the seat of virtue is the rational will. These two joined hands in the life-long struggle after a moral independence, an individual self-sufficingness, which carried in it an affirmation at once of the supreme moral worth of life, and of the worthlessness of everything that life had to offer.

If we are to do justice to this strange and picturesque philosophy we must not dwell too much upon its externals. Ascetics are never to be judged by the singularity of their austerities; and in this case rags, filth, and indecency must not obscure the fact that Cynicism was the first thorough-going plea for moral freedom which the western world had seen. In this aspect it is in advance even of Plato and Aristotle. For these, though by far the greatest ethical thinkers of the ancient world, have yet their limitations. To both of them, the moral life is still identified with the peculiarly Greek form of civic organisation. It is so even in the ideal republic of Plato, which is, after all, no more than the Greek state glorified. Hence that intense civic exclusiveness persistent even in Platonic and Aristotelian ideals, to which the larger unities, national or cosmopolitan, were hardly yet above the horizon. Hence the profoundly aristocratic spirit even of the municipal so-called democracies; and hence, too, the basal institution of slavery of which the great philosophers were the apologists. These limitations were, in course of time, to

disappear, and it needed other forces besides theory to demolish them. But it is to the credit of the Cynics to have declared, and that whilst the *πολις* was still in full vitality, that the moral life of the individual did not stand and fall with Greek civilisation. They were cosmopolitans when as yet the Christian and Stoic cosmopolitanism was a long way off. Nor had they anything of the aristocratic leanings of Plato. Far from it; "philosophers of the proletariat" they were, after their own fashion, men with a mission who were convinced that philosophy had its message to the multitude—the multitude whom Plato declared to be inherently incapable of philosophy. And as they were certainly no respecters of persons, to them the barriers between bond and free, so insurmountable even to Aristotle, were broken down. Nor is it easy to exaggerate the importance to ethical thought of the idea upon which all this indifference to externals rested; the conviction that in all moral estimates it is the good will that is alone significant. It was a doctrine which was peculiarly needed in Greece. For where—as in Athens—private life and public life were so intimately related, and where the individual found free and satisfying expression for himself in political activities, as well as in attainable enjoyment of the best literature and art, there was a risk that the inward life might receive less than its due. Lives that find a quite congenial environment are apt to lack something of spiritual intensity. And though it might be maintained that the antidote was already there in the teaching of Socrates, and the deepening of the moral consciousness which it involved, it may be doubted whether, without Cynic exaggeration of Socratic doctrine, Plato and Aristotle would have laid such impressive stress upon the spirit in which an action is done as the supreme condition of its goodness. It is a

lesson that has never been lost. Caught up by the Stoic philosophy, and incarnated in the Stoic life, it became one of the great legacies of ancient thought to modern ethics.

Nor is it to be denied that even the Cynic gospel of self-detachment from social life rests on a truth. We are all in some sense (to use the Leibnitzian term) monads, self-centred in our being, however manifold our relations to others. Our thoughts, our hopes, our fears, our sorrows, all our experiences, are in a very peculiar sense our own. "It seems to me," says Sir J. F. Stephen, "that we are spirits in prison, able only to make signals to each other, but with a world of things to think and to say which our signals cannot describe at all." Or, as Wordsworth has it—

Points have we all within ourselves
Where each stands single.

And, indeed, it is something of a common-place that when the world—even our own intimate world—has done its utmost for us, a limit is reached in every grave crisis beyond which we must be ourselves or succumb. It is but a half-truth perhaps. But then it was precisely the strength of the Cynics to belong to that order of one-sided minds without which mankind would never know what whole truths mean.

Mankind, however, and more especially philosophic mankind, are never content to live long upon half-truths. They have an irresistible tendency to pass to the other halves. And it is a striking comment upon this text that when Antisthenes was declaring that he had rather be mad than feel pleasure, Aristippus was maintaining the supreme end of life to be the pleasure of the moment. Hence that line of criticism which sets itself to shew that

Cynicism does but scant justice to the volume and variety of human life.

This, however, is perhaps beyond our limits. It must suffice at present to point out that, taking these Cynics upon their own ground, the manner of life they praised and practised was anything but well fitted to compass the end they so strenuously laid to heart.

For, in an evil hour for their own cause, they turned their backs upon speculative philosophy. This was the more perverse in that Socrates had suggested a better way. For though Socrates was not himself a speculative philosopher, his ethical teaching had opened the way for a metaphysic. His life-long labour was a search after definitions of our moral concepts and categories; and the pre-supposition of this great effort was the conviction that these concepts, these definitions, had an objective ground in the nature of things. Hence it came about that his philosophy left as legacy to the speculative genius of Plato the epoch-making problem of finding a metaphysic of morals. Now with Socrates the Cynics went a certain length. To them, as to him, morality spelt reason, and reason meant moral conviction. But then, in their case, this moral conviction, as so often happens with ascetics, lacked "content." How could they pass on to the Socratic task of defining the concrete virtues—justice, temperance, bravery, and the rest—when they were spending all their lives in flinging contempt on those relations of social life in which, and through which, these, and all other virtues, could alone gain "content" and actuality? Add to this that, in their excessive pre-occupation with the moral life, they came to regard speculative philosophy as an intellectual luxury, or, in other words, as but one of the modes of culture which fell under their ban. It fits with this that, in such speculative excursions

as they did make—and Antisthenes had enough of the thinker to indulge these up to a point—their results only served to accentuate this divergence from the fruitful Platonic development of Socrates. For Antisthenes was a thorough-going nominalist, and as such stood committed to the anti-Platonic doctrine that all general concepts, be they of the virtues or of things in nature, are no more than general terms without objective counterparts or confirmatory realities in the nature of things. This blocked for him effectually the path that led Plato, in *his* development of Socratic teaching, to his metaphysical doctrine of a cosmos of “ideas” in which all general concepts, whether ethical or scientific, find their objective ground. Small wonder then if Antisthenes disparaged speculative thought when thus, in his eyes, it had become barren.

It is not our present concern to examine the value of this nominalistic doctrine. Our object is simply to point out that, in the interests of Cynic morality, nothing could have been more fatal. For, by this disparagement of the speculative life, the Cynics robbed themselves of what has ever been, and still is, one of the most effective of all pleas for the life of self-detachment from the world. Surely if man be ever justified in sitting loose to the life of institutions and the duties of citizenship, it is when he is possessed by a passion for scientific investigation or speculative truth. Not all the triflings of dilettantism can obscure the fact that a passion of this kind, if it be sincere, exacts an undivided allegiance. It is not simply that life is too short for anyone to do great things both in theory and practice. It is that the whole speculative and scientific attitude of mind is fundamentally diverse from that of the restless and crowded life of affairs. Plato saw this. He saw it, although no speculative thinker has ever been sterner than he in exacting social service of

the philosopher. For Plato tells us also that, however strenuously the thinker must take the burden of the commonwealth on his shoulders, his heart and mind are really elsewhere, and ever ready to quit politics for that serene pursuit of truth in which his closing years are to be spent. And Aristotle follows Plato. There is no mistaking the sharpness of the antithesis in which he sets the practical and the contemplative life, nor can words be more explicit than those in which, in the tenth book of *The Ethics*, he tells us that, in proportion as a man rises to the life of thought, the less does he stand in need of those outward resources, and of that partnership in action with his fellow-citizens, without which the *moral* life is impossible. And, indeed, his words here and in the context have actually been pressed (falsely, but not unnaturally) into a plea for the life of retreat from the world. Surely then it was in an evil hour that the Cynics turned away from speculative thought. Even if they lacked the speculative instinct—and no doubt they did—they would still have been wise not to defraud themselves of this strongest of all arguments for detachment from the world. There have been quietists, who have had little to shew to the world for years which were filled with communion with their God. There have been thinkers, both in science and philosophy, whose epoch-making speculations have been only possible to men who, like Spinoza, lived remote and secluded. Who will say that theirs were empty lives? Yet this is what the Cynics missed. They abjured, they decried the life of citizenship—and for what?

This leads to a further criticism. For when philosophy or science demands self-dedication to the theoretic life, it is not barren of most practical results. It is of the very essence of it that it brings the finite individual life into conscious relation to a supreme Reality—call it Idea

of the Good, Infinite Substance, the Absolute, *Deus sive Natura*—which, in Spinoza's language, can fill the soul entirely. And it is because the individual, otherwise insignificant indeed, can turn to this alike in thought and in feeling, that he can become capable of the strength to lift himself above the shocks and cares and vanities about which those who have not seen the vision disquiet themselves in vain. Such at anyrate has been the experience of most of the great prophets of individual independence. It was so with the Stoic sage, strong to defy the world because consciously at one with the reason which moves through all things. It was so with the Reformers and the Puritans, who resisted principalities and powers, not in their own strength but "by grace." It was so with our own Carlyle, in whose eyes true self-reliance finds its ground, much as it did in his prototypes the Hebrew prophets, in unshaken trust in "the old eternal laws that live for ever." In all there is a gospel of self-sufficingness; and in all it is self-sufficingness through conscious dependence upon some supreme Reality that exists beyond the flux and commotion of human affairs.

From this source of strength the Cynics were cut off. In their struggle after an absolute moral independence, in their narrowly practical concentration upon this, they turned away, with fatal blindness, from the perennial sources of individual strength. So will it ever be with all who follow them in magnifying the moral life to the neglect or disparagement of a religious faith or a speculative philosophy.

Nor, quite apart from this, can one admit that their practical philosophy was the true path to that personal morality for which they were so ready to offer up, on a ruthless altar, all the world could give. One can see this in the later history of the school. With the passing of

its great founders, Antisthenes and his disciple Diogenes, its inspiration seems to have left it. For, though the later Cynics kept up the old heroic tradition of plain living, their plain living gravitated downwards to unredeemed beggary, squalor, and indecency. They still, of course, flattered themselves that they possessed their own souls, but their souls, like those of many a raving anchorite in the desert, or fanatical Stylites on his pillar, could hardly be said to be worth the possessing. It is a well-known epigram of Aristotle that the solitary is either beast or god, and it is to be feared that these later Cynics had little of the god.

One cannot wonder. It was but the Nemesis that is so apt to overtake all votaries of an extreme asceticism which, in a leap after the moral heroic, rashly renounces the homelier ordinary incentives to virtue. Such incentives, be it the love of home and kindred, the affection for friends, the kindness of daily life, the honourable pursuit of wealth, the loyalty to an institution, the stimulus of public spirit, the love of country, these incentives may look commonplace beside the passion for saving souls, the heroic spirit of renunciation, the rupture of all ties, the hating of father and mother for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake. Yet it is at our peril that we try to cut out these incentives, and, like the Cynics, cast them from us. For, however nobly the forlorn hope of morality may still struggle upwards by the way of renunciation, the risk is that the mass of mankind, bereft of the ordinary motives that are the permanent safeguards of morality, may find nothing to check their descent towards the brute.

This is what Aristotle saw with convincing clearness. Aristotle does not denounce the Cynics. In his usual tolerant and inclusive fashion he goes all the way with them in insisting that the moral life must be a thing

complete and all-sufficing in itself. He adopts the very watchword of Cynicism, "self-sufficingness" (*αὐτάρχεια*). But then the Aristotelian self-sufficingness is not of the sort that minimises wants, and leaves the individual isolated from his kind and stripped of life's resources. On the contrary, it is the self-sufficingness which can only be won by the slow process of self-realisation; and which sees in life's resources *not* clogs, *not* distractions, *not* hostages to fortune, but the instruments by whose right use alone human nature can develop its powers. It is all summed up in a single aphorism: "the state is the limit of self-sufficingness," meaning, that for a full and soul-satisfying life the "social animal," man, needs no less than all that is included in a well organised society. This exactly hits the weakness of Cynic asceticism. So long as ascetics content themselves with railing at the world, they are not likely to fail of occupation. The crux comes when we ask, What next? Denunciation, renunciation, satire, negations however forcible, however witty, are impotent to develop the soul of the man who tries to subsist upon them. There is but one way—the way of Aristotle and of Carlyle—it is by finding one's work and doing it. For without a sphere of action the soul is irretrievably atrophied, and without a sphere adequate at least in some measure to the varied potentialities of man, the best gifts of the soul, which come by acting in the world, not by withdrawing from it in an impotent fancied superiority, will never be possessed. It was the paradox of Cynicism, as it is of many other forms of asceticism, that in a true antinomian fervour it at once magnified the moral life, and in the very act of doing so denied to it on the threshold the elementary conditions of its realisation. For the wisdom of Aristotle here points the way not only to a fuller, more many-sided, and more beneficent life than

the fanaticism of the "mad Socrates," Diogenes, but to a more than Cynic self-possession and a more than Cynic independence.

Nor is it to be granted that, even in its denunciations, Cynicism made war upon the world in the most effective way. Human nature will endure, and even welcome, satire and commination, especially when humorous. Satire is good reading, and the masters of invective, Juvenal, Swift, Carlyle, are far from unpopular. But there is nothing which so effectually turns the edge of invective as the perception that it is indiscriminating. We feel this about the diatribes of Antisthenes and the rest. They denounced war, but to what purpose, when we feel that they would have equally denounced a filibuster's raid and the civic devotion of Marathon or Salamis? They rose above the narrow exclusiveness of the *πολις*, and were the first cosmopolitans; but what of that, when we feel sure that they would have risen above the kingdom of heaven could it have descended four-square upon earth? After all it is a spurious and an easy cosmopolitanism which comes of indifference to the fatherland. The true cosmopolitanism comes by antecedence, not by negation of patriotism. They protested, too, and vehemently enough, against Greek forms of ritual, but one feels that they would have swamped in one common condemnation the most devout achievements of religious art, and the mere antics of superstition. It is so all along the line. It is the easiest function in the world to object, if one has made up his mind to be always in opposition. It is also a *rôle* doomed to ineffectuality. The Cynics, ancient or modern, who give us no credit for our ordinary virtues, will find us slow to give effect to their diatribes against our extraordinary vices. Their moral purpose may be excellent, "to bite us for our salvation." But it is not

reasonable, it is subversive of all just gradations of moral value, and would not cure but kill, were we to don the staff and wallet of Diogenes, and turn this sharp medicine into the daily diet either of individuals or nations.

And yet, when all is said, it would ill befit us to fall into a Cynic attitude towards Cynicism itself. Rather let us leave it with the reflection that, so long as philosophy has a message for mankind, Cynicism will stand as a memorable reminder that the spirit is more than the flesh, life of more value than its trappings, duty greater than pleasure, and the rational will strong enough to overcome the world.



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